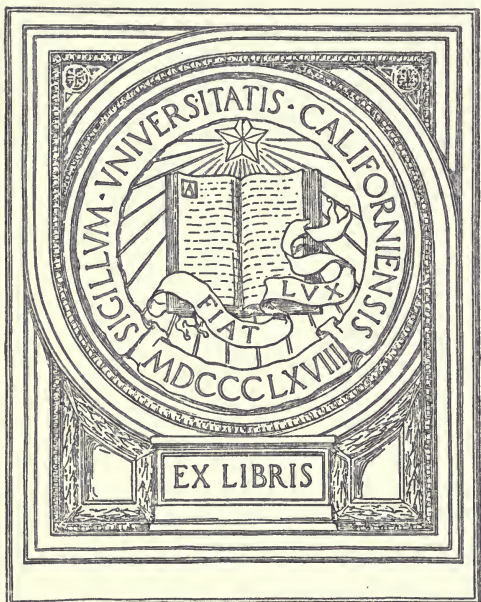




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BROTHER JONATHAN,

THE

SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

BY HUGO PLAYFAIR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE
OF
CONDUIT STREET

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1844.

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TO MRU
ALBONIAO

OR THE
 SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

CHAPTER I.

CITY OF WILLIAM PENN.

“ Every Philadelphian has a right to be proud of the foundation, and founder of his state. Never was an enterprise more wisely and happily conducted. It was the first time the world had ever seen an individual of commanding influence and station, acting so decidedly upon the Christian principle, that no man can serve his own interests so well, as by serving others.”—*American Review*.

PLAYFAIR, Profundus, and the Major, arrived with little delay, and much pleased with their journey, at Philadelphia.

This is a *planned* town: built according to the rectangular plan of its illustrious founder, the great and good William Penn. He

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In the first place his conciliatory treaties with the red warriors, of whom, after giving an affecting account of that race, he says, "Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you

ter. Some of the most dishonest characters, and *loafers* (swindlers) have infested for some time this otherwise sacredly just city. The act of the legislature of Pennsylvania, prohibiting the payment, under certain limits, of the dividends of the United States' Bank, has been one of the most pernicious of public measures ever recorded in the State. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes from England, as late as June, 1840—

"Mr. Biddle's speech, delivered at the opening of the Tide Water Canal, at Havre-de-Grace, is printed in the *London Morning Post*, without comment. American securities are still degraded and decried in England, and have no sale in the market. We are sadly abused, and misrepresented by fools, bigots, monarchists, and speculators in funds. The unfortunate act of Pennsylvania, last winter, or of a temporary faction of that state, is held up as a damning proof of our dishonesty, and of our disposition and intention to cheat all our European creditors; and the blame they affix to Pennsylvania attaches to all the states, and the whole American people. They say here, 'If Pennsylvania, one of your oldest and most respectable states, refused to pay us our interest, may not the other states do the same thing?' But you reply, 'This was only the work of a faction, and only temporary.' 'True,' say they; 'but may not a faction in other states gain the power, and do the same thing?' It is hard to argue against this most unfortunate step of Pennsylvania. The *Loco-focos* of Pennsylvania may take upon themselves the honour of having *done* our institutions, and our financial credit in Europe, more discredit and dishonour than a five years' war could have done."—EDITOR.

win them," might have been practised within the last eight years towards the Indians of Florida, with an effect which would probably have prevented the horrible massacres on both sides which almost every day conveys an account of from the south:

With the founder of Pennsylvania, the measures he adopted, and his demeanour towards the Aborigines were wise, and so happy that it became a maxim among them, "never to lift the tomahawk against the race of William Penn."

Thus was his colony secured, from the first, against the most terrible calamity which had once exterminated, and long harassed that of Virginia, and afflicted and kept all the others in a state of alarm.*

* With reference to the name given to the colony, Penn writes on 5th January, 1681— "This day, after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in councils, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania; a name the king would give it in honour of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country; and when the secretary, being a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the

The country of William Penn, was called the "Poor Man's Paradise." Poverty was unknown in all its borders. The pleasant villages on the eastern side of the Delaware, welcomed the virtuous exile with a homely and cordial welcome : and there was so little of *bigoted human nature* in these adventurers, that they were unequivocally and magnanimously tolerant, when all the rest of the human family was engaged in religious persecutions.

It was remarkable that such a person should have come from the halls of a slavish court,—and under the authority of an arbitrary king, and establish a state with the single-hearted ambition "to show men as free and as happy as they could be." It may be even doubted whether his institutions were not more mild than his colonists were fitted to enjoy : certainly, the privileges which he gave them were

under secretary to vary the name (*bribes were then common*), for I feared it should be looked on as a vanity in me and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was. Thou may'st communicate my grant to friends, and expect shortly my proposals. 'Tis a dear and just thing ; and my God, who has given it me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation. I shall take a tender care to the government that it be well laid first."

not always used as gratitude would have directed.

His laws and instructions were certainly not to favour evil doers: "for all prisons," said he, "will be workhouses." On examining the laws of Pennsylvania, we are immediately struck with the remarks of chancellor Kent, one of, if not, the most eminent American writers on jurisprudence: speaking of an English law-book,* he observes, "The Pennsylvanian lawyer cannot but be struck on the perusal of this work—equally remarkable for profound knowledge, and condensed thought—with the analogy between his proposed improvements, and of all essential reforms in the English laws, suggested by the greatest reformers of the law in England, and the long familiar practice of Pennsylvania.†

There have been lately some revisions in these laws,—if possible, they are improvements,—which go still further to secure the object of "*uniform justice*."

* Humphreys on Real Property.

† Among other practices that of recognising foreign letters of administration has been in force since the days of Penn. It is almost peculiar to Pennsylvania.

“Whilst these laws,” says an anonymous American writer, “are held sacred, and not even a *majority* can invade them, we have a bulwark more effectual in guarding liberty and preventing the intrusion of wild and dangerous reforms than that possessed in the institutions of any other nation under heaven.”

It is not, however, sufficient to have good laws, but these must be obeyed, as they generally have been in Pennsylvania. Where they are not, the courts should have more power, as well as the authority to enforce them. This is vital to the honour and safety of America. Yet the *Loco-focos*, *workies*, *universal levellers*, *mob-law men*, and other wild anarchists, would destroy even the feeble power now possessed, for executing the laws, from the courts of justice.

“And sovereign law the states collected will
O’er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, *crowning good, repressing ill*.
Smit by her frown
The fiend *distraction* like a vapour shrinks
And e’en the dazzling crown
Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding sinks.”

SIR W. JONES.

CHAPTER II.

QUAKERISM.

“The character of William Penn—like that of an American autumn—mild—calm—bright—abounding in good fruits.”—*Anniversary Toast.*

THE character of William Penn, and the habits and principles of Quakerism, have breathed an atmosphere of peculiar but not indolent repose over Philadelphia. It has nothing of the melancholy grandeur and decay, so impressive in the old provincial capitals of France, nor the churchyard-like silence of nearly all the capitals of Germany.

It is indeed “like an American autumn—mild—calm—bright—abounding in good fruits.” The Quakers are a happy people, they are never

idle, they are constant in their occupations ; but there is nothing in their character that resembles the pushing, the competition, the restless *go-ahead work*, of the Yankees, nor are there on earth two cities more unlike than New York and Philadelphia. Dishonest men have, however, assumed the dress and language of the "friends" for no purpose but to overreach others in their dealings. Yet the navigation and commerce of Philadelphia is of immense extent and value. Its local activity, however, is confined to the street next the river, and to the shipping. The packet-ships of this city, many of which may at all times be seen in the docks of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Havre, are splendid vessels. The steam-boats are numerous and magnificent. The stages, or public conveyances that start from Philadelphia, the best in the Union. All the operations connected with ships, steam-boats and stage-coaches, are carried forward without interruption, but with a tranquillity quite astonishing. This all arises from the general spirit of order ; that is, doing every thing with-

out confusion, in the proper time and place, and without delay. Did you ever see a Frenchman who could practise this?

We do not find the society of Quakers here by any means so dull as they are usually represented. On the contrary they are intelligent, and on all matters of utility communicative. Their domestic circle, with their excellent wives and beautiful daughters, both of whom are so prettily dressed, and so unlike the *dashery* which a mere hundred thousand dollar man's wife and daughters display in Broadway, New York. But there is much and excellent society here besides that of the Quaker families, although the latter, from being the first established, has shed something of its simplicity over the whole.

Here are literary and scientific meetings, in rotation at each other's houses, and to which foreigners of good character, once introduced, are ever welcome. Literature, science, the arts, politics, discoveries, &c., form the subjects of discourse. These meetings are remarkably agreeable and instructive, and do not partake of *that pedantry* from which those of Boston are

not free. Ladies, it is to be regretted, are seldom, if ever, at these interesting and hospitable parties, which are always crowned with an excellent supper.

The streets of Philadelphia are uninviting. They are nearly all alike; but Chesnut-street, the best built, is the most animated, and the excellent library of Carey and Lea, is a fashionable and agreeable lounge.

We love to saunter along the streets;—but we like picturesque streets the best. Here they are so clean that carriages are unnecessary, and the latter are consequently more scarce than at New York. After visiting the institutions, you look out for such dwellings or houses as are remarkable, not certainly for their architecture, but for their being consecrated by those who have been within them. There still stands the gray-covered house which sheltered William Penn. Here rises the hall in which the declaration of independence was signed.—Yonder Benjamin Franklin worked as a journeyman printer.—Here he afterwards lived as a statesman and philosopher.—That window admits

light into the room in which Jefferson wrote.—
There, is a little shop in which a character less
to be envied sold cigars and prepared coffee.*—
Turn round the corner and you come to the
house in which a countryman of his, whom
Philadelphia will, and perhaps will not, de-
light to honour—the eccentric, money-making,
honest Girard dwelt.

* Talleyrand. A noble French exile then in America, was,
it is related, one day passing a little shop in Philadelphia and
observing a man within with his shirt-sleeves rolled up his
arms, grinding coffee, whose resemblance to the ex-Bishop of
Autun was so striking that the former entered the pigmy shop,
where he found the veritable Simon Pure, keeping a small
grocery shop, and making a living in that way. “I have pity,
indeed I have pity for you,” said the Duke de R——. “I have
pity for you,” replied Talleyrand, “that your soul should be
reduced, or not be superior, to such a state of feeling;—for my
part I have long since brought my feelings and mind into such
tranquillity of thought and action that I can turn a coffee-mill
or an empire with equal composure.”—EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

GIRARD.

“ Then plough deep while sluggard’s sleep,
And thou shalt have corn to sell and to keep.”

Poor Richard.

“ THE strong exertion of reason,” says a writer in the *American Review*, “ which is so essential an element of commercial success, is often averse to, and incompatible with the more amiable qualities of the heart;* nay, sympathy for the distresses, and anxiety to promote the advantages of others may even be the cause of those errors of judgment which diminish profit or cause destructive losses.”

From feebleness of this kind, Stephen Girard

* We often, but not generally, observe this in England. There was a Liverpool banker, who died enormously rich, under the excruciating delirium of belief that he should spend years in a poorhouse, and who was quite a puritan in his religious observances, but such a heartless wretch that when the poor widow of a man who had once been of service to the banker, applied to him for some trifle to buy a loaf for her children, he bade her to be off with a religious tract which he handed her. Generally, however, the English merchant has, like the American, a generous heart.

was free, and in the aid which he frequently conferred on others, he carefully avoided that imprudent exertion of kindness which injures the bestower without being of any real benefit to the receiver.

Girard was a native of France. He arrived in America as a poor sea-boy—an apprentice.—He became a shop-boy, or was employed in some such way. He commenced business on his own account by preparing hung or smoked beef, and exporting it to the West Indies. He gradually rose to be a merchant and a ship-owner. He never insured his own ships or cargoes, but was frequently an underwriter for the property of others, thus running all risks. He finally counted his mansions and his ships by scores. His character remained a mystery to others. He possessed one large square of land,—and yet did not, as all other money-making people would have done, build on it. Those who knew him best, could only say, that although never for a moment inattentive to the pursuits of gain, and although living with his enormous wealth, in a manner which bordered on the miserly character, he nevertheless exercised

benevolence of the most useful and active kind. When during the sad years of pestilence at Philadelphia, he could not procure the services of attendants and nurses for money, he portioned some of his hours daily to officiating at the hospitals.

He died worth about four millions sterling. A quarter of this he willed in legacies to his relatives. On Philadelphia he settled two millions and a half! What, with this enormous sum, will not the city of William Penn become?

Half a million he left to found, on the square which people were surprised he had not turned to profitable use by building on it,—a school and college for the maintenance and education of poor orphans. He had the maxim of Von Fellenberg long in his mind, that crimes were the consequence of poverty and a false education, and, carrying his ideas still further, that religious bigotry was another chief source of contention and unhappiness,—he has prohibited a theological class, or clergyman of any persuasion, within the institution which he has so munificently founded. Thus leaving the worship of the Most High free to the conscientious scruples and convictions of all.

CHAPTER IV.

BALTIMORE.

“ Speed the arts which speed the plough,
Which speed the keel which Jack built.”

American Toast.

PLAYFAIR, Profundus, and even the Major, being anxious to visit Maryland, and afterwards Virginia, without stopping at Washington until they met there during the next sitting of congress, they accordingly first halted at Baltimore.

This is one of the most active seaports of the Union. Flour and tobacco enrich its merchants, and the art of navigation and foreign commerce speed the *plough*, or rather the *hoe* of the planters, who in their turn furnish the

produce which speeds the keels of the ships and clippers of Baltimore.

Maryland may in truth be, altogether, except the towns, called a tobacco and corn growing country, and the inhabitants are considered in their manners and characters a *juste milieu*, between the Pennsylvanians and Virginians. Here only in America, the Jews have no vote. Here, what may be said of slavery in Virginia is fully applicable. Here also the Roman Catholic religion prevails,—and here, consequently, there is less rigidity of expression, less prudery than in the northern states. Here you are in town and country welcomed with the most cordial hospitality. The veriest Yankee can only “*go ahead*,” in Baltimore by relaxing the straight lines of his countenance. In truth, so warm-hearted, so cheerful, so easy to fraternize with, did our travellers find the citizens of Baltimore, that it was somewhat difficult to withdraw the major from its conviviality.

Dinner invitations were sent to them, not only for each day, but frequently very many for

the same day. You have heard of Glasgow dinners, and Glasgow punch-drinking, but they are no more to be compared with Baltimore dinners, and Baltimore quaffing, than the Clyde is to the Chesapeake. Then, their enjoyment, free of dry utilitarianism, of sitting over dessert and madeira, and port and claret, the major's stories, the Irish humour of a Colonel Nixon, whose station was Essequibo, but whom Baltimore hospitality arrested on his way from a northern British colony, where he had gone for a season to mend his liver, made them all regret leaving Baltimore. They met another character much in society there, namely, Father Fitz, a Catholic priest, who had moved south from intolerance in the north, and now found a chapel and a congregation at Baltimore. He was a most jovial soul at table. He also had officiated in the British colonies at Newfoundland, and at Prince Edward Island, where he was worth a hundred "Justices of the Peace," in maintaining good behaviour among the crowds of Irish emigrants and labourers who flock to those colonies. He told them stories,

good ones too, at the chapel-door, and often chastised them over their shoulders with a *grate* big *shilalah* when they misbehaved in the dram-shop or in the street. He had much more of the same kind of magisterial than of sacerdotal duty to perform among his countrymen who throng the streets of Baltimore, and who compete so thoroughly with slave labour, that there is some hope of the last being suppressed by that most hardworking of drudges—*Pat*.

“Yesterday,” says Playfair, “we dined with an old bachelor, a Johnston, native of Dumfriesshire, one of the best tellers of a plain story, except perhaps Sir Walter Scott, whom I ever knew.

“Johnston was clanish, and we had other Scotsmen, Camerons, Campbells, Macdonalds, Mackays, Mackenzies, and Macgregors; yet we had English and Irish too at table, all good and true in their respective characters. The dinner was superb, and as for the decanters, they did not indeed go round in slow, but in quick marching order. The toasts were spirited, and savoured not of democracy. In truth they

smacked much more of the days of chivalry. As for Johnston, many a border tale, and many a story of feudal families did he know.

“Mackay, a newly-arrived guest, amused us with adventures amongst grisettes and militaires while a prisoner in France, and Major Macpherson’s pithy anecdotes, set the table in a roar. Father Fitz, whose chapel stood opposite, joined us, leaving the *cure* of souls for the *cure* of the body, and repeated the best things he said to his ‘boys’ at the chapel, and particularly ‘how he had brought Con Callaghan to his marrowbones.’

“It seems the said Con, who was an immensely-framed Milesian boatman, indulged monthly in a week of drunkenness and fun. He was the best-tempered fellow in the world, and so strong as to lift up any other man from the ground with one hand. This happened to be his drunken week; and on the day before, a remarkably corpulent Welsh shopkeeper, who lived forty years alone, amassing money, in a low-built house, with a porch to its door, died; having willed his fortune to the only persons

present, an *honest* lawyer, and an aged passionless bachelor.

“The dead body had been placed in a large coffin; the legatees were sitting over their wine in an adjoining room; there were no other persons in the house; the night was dark; and some wicked spirits, who were standing in a grog-shop opposite, where Con had become right glorious, laid a bet with him of two gallons of rum that he had not the courage to go into the opposite house and carry off the corpse of the fat old Welshman.

“Con, with plenty of grog on board, feared neither the dead nor the devil; and as locks are seldom used in this honest town, in he went by the porch-door to the room in which the shrouded body lay. He raised the corpse up with little difficulty, got it over his shoulders and was proceeding with it through the porch, when their combined weight forced Con’s right foot through one of the boards in the floor, and down he went with the ponderous corps on top of him.

“The legatees on hearing the noise were at

first almost afraid to go into the next room. On entering it, they found the body had left the coffin—cold sweat came over them; they imagined the old man had either walked away, or that Satan had carried him off; they rushed out of the room into the porch—the candle went out—and the lawyer first, and the old bachelor next, fell souse over the corps and Con.”

“Where,” said Father Fitz, “I would leave them, hadn’t I, while walking down to the long wharf, observed Con, rolling forward, and fancying that I had been told what he had been at, he cried out,

“‘Father Fitz, Father Fitz, for the love of the Holy Virgin have mercy upon me!’

“‘Down upon your marrowbones, you baste,’ said I; ‘now on all fours, you grate big sinner entirely that you are. Creep up the strate, and humble yourself flat below the pump-spout you grate serpent.’ Con, sirs, was obedient, and I called to the *swill-shop* hard by, ‘Denny, Denny, have you any boys wid you?’

“‘Yes, father Fitz, plenty,’ says Denny.

“‘Send out an Irish dozen of them,’ says I, ‘and let them pump upon Con, till they cool

the baste entirely, and bring him to his Christian sines.'

Colonel Nixon was also yesterday of the party, and the major of course. They had known each other before, and had been at Prince Edward Island together, where a namesake and no doubt a distant cousin of our host was at the time attorney-general.

"I found it," said the major, "a delightful hospitable spot, we had there the people of all countries, but especially Scotchmen. The emerald isle had also sent thither some of her choice spirits. Englishmen there were, honest and true, but not many of them.

"Being a distinct government, it had its little court, its balls, bickerings, and exclusives. Its scandal, its picnics, its beauties, its bachelors, its politics and the lineage, rise, and progress of its inhabitants, would form a curious production. The governor was unpopular, and the chief-justice could not endure *mice*; the attorney-general was not pliable, and the high sheriff was excluded from government-house, for saying the people had no right to pay quit rents.

"The island contained whole districts of

Highlanders ; the pibroch, the Gaelic, and Highland hospitality, prevailed from Glenalladale to Saint Andrews, and from Saint Andrews to the East point ; at Elliot river and Earl Selkirk's colony, at three rivers, Seven-mile Bay, Indian river, and *Lot Thirteen*.

"The catholic bishop was a Highlander, and a right good man was he. The minister of the Selkirk colonist preached Gaelic in the Scotch kirk, and father Maloney gave out the real brogue *entirely* at the catholic chapel. Parson D—— the episcopal rector was the most pastoral, gentle, and kind, of living ministers. There was also a Welsh parson, a right merry man ; and the head of the academy, was as good a worthy as ever emigrated from Dumfriesshire.

"At the respective feasts of St. George, St. Andrews, St. Patrick, yea, and St. David, all joined at dinner to celebrate the day in good fellowship.

"There was an excellent hotel, where several old officers and travellers were making a transient stay, we dined together, enjoyed our wine,

cracked many a *funny joke*, and told *capital stories*. The tables of the Johnstons, Mac-kays, Camerons, and Macdonalds, were always spread, not only to *chiefs* from the land of cakes, but to all respectable strangers. I was not, invited to the governor's, neither was Admiral Milne, who was told it was not market-day.

"There happened," continued the major, "to be sojourning there at the same time a certain colonel, a *bon vivant*, who like myself enjoyed exceedingly, a good dinner, with port and madeira. He also dearly loved whiskey toddy.

"We were dining with several others at the attorney-general's, who gave with right good heart, both dinners and wine, and also whiskey toddy: when the colonel of a sudden directed his look to our worthy host and said,

"'Mr. Attorney-general, I have had an invite for this day, from the governor.'

"'It is unlucky,' observed the attorney-general, 'that you should have been invited to dine on the same day with me.'

"'Invited to dine, Mr. Attorney-general did you say?—By the Virgin, it was no dinner invite

at all: oh! no, by the hill of Howth, who ever heard of such an invite? Who except himself, the ghost of a miser that he is, could have invented the idea of asking a grown up person to drink *tay*? By the spirit of St. Patrick, if his cold narrow sowl won't allow him to open his wine-cellar, he may shut his *taypot*, and be dishonored for ever and entirely.'”

“Och! by my sould, here's your health, major, 'tis myself *entirely* you have been after *ripresinting*,” exclaimed Colonel Nixon. “These were glorious days in that bit of a ‘smart isle of the ocean.’ But they jist write me that all the Johnstons and Mackays, and Camerons, and the catholic bishop, and all the other gentlemen are dead, and that the whole country is become radicalized.”

The hospitality of the resident gentlemen, the happy assemblage of respectable strangers, formed temptations sufficiently alluring to detain the travellers at Baltimore; but

“Nae man can tether time or tide
The hour approaches *I maun ride*.”

—And our travellers parted for Virginia.

CHAPTER V.

SLAVERY.

“ ‘Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery,’ said I, ‘thou art a bitter draught and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art not the less bitter on that account!’ ”—*Sentimental Journey*.

PLAYFAIR was deeply affected by the accounts which had been related to him, and of the slave states; and the assurances that, “THE DOMESTIC INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY!” should continue to be perpetuated.

The very privilege of speaking on the subject was denounced, yet Playfair was determined, happen what would, to *denounce* SLAVERY.

“England,” said he, “although late, has decided that *there shall be no slaves in any part of the vast dominions of the British Empire;*

and the people of the United States have, if not for themselves, at least for their offspring, to expect *dreadful retribution* for their *obstinate refusal to grant the African race the freedom which the declaration of independence decrees to all men.*"

"The usual questions," observed Profundus, "put by the non-abolitionists are, 'How are we to liberate the negroes, indemnify the planters, or cultivate the slave-states with free labour?' Those questions, however, may be solved; first, by the legislature creating a fund to indemnify the slaveholders, now that the finances of the republic are in so flourishing a condition, that the national debt has been paid off, and a large surplus remaining: then pay the labour of the black man for cultivating the rice, cotton, and tobacco plantations, as the labour of that of the white man is, in the non-slaveholding states. An able New England Review has also well proven that slave-labour has long since deteriorated the agriculture and the wealth of Virginia.

"But if all this be effected," argues another non-abolitionist, "the negroes and coloured peo-

ple will then rapidly increase, destroy the whites, or dispossess them of the southern states, and, finally, disturb the peace of the north. In fact, their power will dissolve the Union."

"They will break up the Union far sooner," said Playfair, "if you continue slavery."

"'Tis true that there are different opinions on the question in the north and south, down east and far west," remarked a representative from Connecticut.

"Your Union," Playfair remarked, "is formed of most discordant materials."

"I do not commit myself to the question," replied the Connecticut man, "though it would not be possible to disprove your assertion."

"Your constitution," said Playfair, "is, however, in its literal principles excellent; and it seems to me, that according to its provisions, no man can legally be held in bondage within the confederated republic. How, sir, does it then arise, that of your sixteen millions of inhabitants four millions are held as goods and chattels, bought and sold and separated as are the beasts of the field?"

"It is lamentable," said Dr. Simpson, a learned man from Boston, "that what you say cannot be disproved. Great Britain legalized the importation of Africans, and the perpetuation of slavery; unhappily we have retained the very worst of the evils bequeathed to us by England, as the most heritable legacy."

"But I find," said Playfair, "in the famous declaration of your independence, the following passages, commencing that justly-extolled manifestation of the natural rights of man. The words, I recollect, are—

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them to another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of NATURE and NATURE'S GOD entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:
THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL;—THAT
THEY ARE ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR

WITH CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS;—THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS:—*that to secure those rights GOVERNMENTS are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed;—that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*

“These holy indisputable truths were unanimously agreed to, and continue to this day to be promulgated as your confession of political faith. How strange a contradiction do they form to your boasted freedom, while more than four millions of men are slaves,—all of whom, as men, you have declared to be created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of LIFE, LIBERTY, and the PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.”

“I concur most cordially with you,” said Dr. Simpson, “yet we must admit the difficulty that

exists as regards emancipating the slaves, in the tenacity with which mankind have held whatever has constituted their property in all ages and in all countries. More than this, the very man who drew up the declaration of independence, was not only a slave-owner, but he sold his own children by Quadroon women, nearly white—thus making his lust subservient to pecuniary wants, and consigning his offspring to the degradation of the lash, and to the condition of the saleable brute creation.”

“Yes!” said Playfair, “I am aware that Jefferson is accused of those enormities, and that a daughter of his, in whose colour scarcely a tinge of African blood could be traced, was not long since sold by public auction at New Orleans, after having changed masters nearly a score of times since that philosopher and presumed sensualist, her father, first sold her at the tender age of nine years.”

“There is no doubt of the fact,”* replied the

* This is attested in the Massachusetts States, but the editor cannot find sufficient proof of these charges against the philosopher of Montecelli. Neither is there proof to the contrary.

doctor, "it has been not only too well authenticated, but industriously circulated by those who, no doubt from party feelings, delight in publishing the well-known personal immorality of the philosopher of Montecelli; a man who has in his writings cajoled mankind, and in his private character outraged not only Christianity, but the decent virtues;—yet he has had, and continues to have, his eulogists."

"Detested," said Playfair, "will his memory ever be: the making merchandise of the fruits of his sensuality will, if that be true, alone ensure his lasting and loathing infamy."

"To that just mortal doom let us leave him," replied the doctor; "zealots, religiously inflexible, will consign him to sufficient punishment in his spiritual destiny."

"But," Playfair continued, "we have emancipated the slaves of our colonies: though not in the manner that I would advocate, consider-

That he possessed and sold slaves is undoubted; but it is impossible to believe that he sold his own children, for he allowed them as well as some of his other slaves to run off, without having them taken up and sold, as he might have done. EDITOR.

ing the question, as that of justice and humanity."

"In the United States," replied the doctor, "the emancipation of slaves is beset with innumerable difficulties, of which Europeans are but erroneously acquainted: that the dangers consequent on continuing slavery, threaten terrible disruption to our federal government, no man with a dispassionate reasoning mind and common foresight can deny: but personal interests and prejudices are to be overcome, and scarcely two persons can agree as to the means."

"That," answered Playfair, "seems fully obvious;—yet while slavery exists in your federation, the constitution of the United States will remain as a body partly *brass* and partly *clay*; these materials cannot hold long together: purify the brass from the clay or the whole body will break violently asunder; and, if so, it will assuredly crush your boasted federation in its fall."

"The most thinking among us," replied Dr. Simpson, "entertain the same fears; and yet, as I have observed, how are we to prevent the

catastrophe? You will, even now, discover obstacles to the abolition of slavery, which will at once perplex and astonish you."

"[Admitting all this," said Playfair, "and without further inquiry, then taking for granted that which none can deny,—*first*, the great extent and mighty natural resources of the states, the wealthy prosperity of the citizens, and that all the expenses and debts contracted by a war of independence, and the operations of the government, have been paid off, why not tax the country instead of endangering the constitution and bequeathing probably civil war to your children, to remunerate the slaveholders, if they must be indemnified? Then let the black and coloured man earn his subsistence by free industry, and if the white man requires the coloured or black man's labour, reasonable wages must be paid for it."

"What you say, sir, is more reasonable than practicable; there are, besides countless minor ones, four principal difficulties almost insurmountable,—indeed, I apprehend altogether so,—to overcome which you have probably not considered.

“The *first*, is the general unwillingness to be taxed to indemnify the southern planters.

“*The second*, will be the tenacity with which the planters are determined to hold the slaves which they now possess as chattels, and whose labour, in whatever way required, is as compulsory as is that of any brute of burden.

“*The third*, is that slaves or coloured people, emancipated, would be endowed with equal political rights, be eligible as witnesses, jury-men, electors, representatives—yea, even to the office of president.

“*The fourth*, is that however slight the tinge of a coloured man may be, no white man will now, and probably never will sit down in the same jury-box, in the same room—nay, scarcely in the same church, or be buried in the same earth with a human being of African descent.”

“Strange uncharitable prejudice and injustice !” said Playfair, “and yet ten thousands of you—even your presidents and senators, have slept and continue to sleep in the same bed with these whom you consider otherwise a detested people !”

“That is undeniably a truth, but too grave an accusation to be expressed : that is, if you expect to travel with peace or comfort among the free citizens of the United States.”

“Grave certainly,” said Playfair ; “but, being a fact, why should I fear to express it in the land of liberty ?”

“It might be useless for me to attempt convincing you why you should not, but I really advise you to forbear speaking of slavery, of religious sects or even of politics generally, while travelling in the American republic.”

So saying, Dr. Simpson, whose *sledge* was at the door, with a horse tackled to it, waiting to carry him to his dwelling in the country, rose, wished Playfair well on his journey, and left him to form his own conclusions.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEETING-HOUSE—THE COLOURED MAN— AND A DINNER UNEXPECTEDLY EATEN.

“ I have brought this world about my ears, and eke the other that’s to “ the buckskins.”

THE prejudice against the African race, is certainly one of the great obstacles to abolition. This unchristian disposition is nearly as unmerciful in the *free* as in the *bondage* states. Even Dr. Channing was long before he would speak boldly forth his opinions as to the abolition of the cursed *domestic* institution of slavery.

At Boston, where the population have lately manifested a strong, and we believe sincere determination to promote every means which may

seem best for the abolition of that social plague which ulcerates and blotches more than half America, the uncharitable spirit of prejudice against those who exhibited the slightest tinge of African consanguinity, was carried on to a shameful extent,—and more especially to be upbraided in those who professed to be the strict observers of the pure morals and doctrines of the meek, charitable, and forgiving Saviour of Mankind.

Dr. Profundus, among other exemplifications of the spirit of intolerance which prevailed, and still to a great extent, prevails in Massachusetts, related the following to his friend, Playfair, about the free coloured race :

“ As,” said Profundus, “ I was preparing to take my departure from Boston for New York, a lank, calculating, speculative Yankee, who occupied three chairs in front of the fire, while his head rested on the table behind, exclaimed, on raising his eyes from a newspaper, or rather a *chronique scandaleuse*, which he was reading,

“ ‘ Tarnashun seize me, I guess the *prudential*,

*committee** have done him slick!—who in this land of universal liberty would lose their privileges!—Squire, look at that there considerable smart notification.’

“So saying he took up the Boston prices current, and threw me the paper he had been reading. I *took* it up, and read an article full of vulgar ridicule, on the presumption of a *coloured* man, who became possessed, in right of a debt, of a pew in one of the meeting-houses, or churches, of the city, and who, on the following sabbath-day, had, as it was said, the “*audacity to sit in it*,” and to hear the doctrines of the meek and lowly founder of Christianity.

“The paper then eulogized the conduct of the managers of the said temple of glad tidings, in determining that its special sanctuary, or *dress-boxes*, the pews, should not be further polluted by the coloured man’s breath, to whom due notice of the same was given in the following words :

* Prudential committee, select men, non-committals, Caucases, &c., and many such terms, are very expressive in their American meaning.

“‘Sir, the prudential committee of Park-street church, hereby *notify* you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of that church, and if you appear there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences: the benches in the *upper gallery* are not prohibited you.

‘ To Frederick Brinsley, *coloured man*,

‘ Elm-street.

‘ For the Committee : G. Odiorn.’

“The above notice was too positive for Mr. Brinsley ever to hope possessing his property, and further, a constable, appointed by the said prudential committee, occupied the pew on the following Sunday.

“This statement, however, appeared to me so apocryphal, that I immediately sallied forth from the hotel, and proceeded to Elm-street, where, after some inquiry, I found the house of Mr. Brinsley—a very handsome building; and on asking if he was at home, I was shown into a spacious, elegantly-furnished, and genteel drawing-room, in which sat a pale, elderly lady, and three interesting and pretty girls, evidently

her daughters. They had the complexion and appearance of handsome Portuguese ladies; nor could I trace a negro feature in their countenances.

“I apologized for my intrusion, and said if Mr. Brinsley were within, that I was anxious to have the pleasure of seeing him.

“Mrs. Brinsley, for such was the elderly lady, replied that she expected her husband every moment, as it was near their usual dinner-hour.

“In about two minutes Mr. Brinsley came in. I introduced myself to him, by saying I was travelling in the United States,—that I was anxious to become well acquainted with whatever related to the moral, physical, and political condition of the country,—and that a passage which I had read in a newspaper involved his name in a manner that induced me to form his acquaintance.

“I have seen men born in England and in France, of Saxon or Gallic race, much darker than Mr. Brinsley. He spoke English correctly, his manners were good, he very modestly affirmed that what I had read was true, and that he had no alternative but to submit

‘I may,’ continued he, ‘have some mixture of African blood in my veins, if so, I am ignorant of the circumstance: my grandmother, they allege, was a quadroon and a slave, and if she were I consider it no disgrace. I have no recollection of having ever seen her. They say she was sold to a southern slave-dealer when I was only one year old. I have endeavoured, and have spared no expense to trace her that I might purchase her freedom. I am told that when very young, an English lady who took an interest in me when only two years old, on observing me put up for sale at an auction, purchased me, and sent me to England to be educated. I was brought up in a merchant’s house at Liverpool, who established me here as his agent, and where I have married and been prosperous in my family and in my business.’

“After conversing with him for some time, and finding him a very intelligent and thinking man, I thanked him for his information, apologized for interfering with his dinner-hour, and as I rose to come away, Mrs. Brinsley observed—

“‘Sir, there is a disagreeable shower of sleet

come on, if you will be so condescending as to remain until the weather clears up, I will lay out a table in the drawing-room, and prepare dinner for you in a few minutes, while my family are taking their repast.'

"'No, Mrs. Brinsley,' I replied, 'I cannot consent to your doing so; but if you permit me to join you at your family dinner, I shall be most happy so to do, and also to spend part of the evening with you.'

"'Sir,' she replied, 'if you have no repugnance, it will certainly delight and honour us.'

"I accordingly led Mrs. Brinsley to the dining-room; and although it was evidently their ordinary family dinner, excellent fish, soup, a boiled leg of mutton, and a roast goose, were as well served up as in any private gentleman's house in England. Madeira, sherry, Bordeaux, and port, all of excellent quality, with a large plum-pudding, a cranberry tart, and a delicious dessert, also, graced and enriched the table. I enjoyed the dinner and conversation exceedingly; and on returning to the drawing-room, to which Mrs. Brinsley and her daugh-

ters had about half-an-hour before preceded us, one of the latter was performing on a remarkably fine-toned piano some divine passages from Mozart. Another daughter sung with feeling and grace, and in good voice and time several melodies.

“On the tables lay albums, annuals, the new edition of Sir Walter Scott’s works, and several such books, all neatly bound, as usually adorn genteel drawing-rooms. I wrote some lines in each of the young ladies’ albums, and signed my name at full length.

“The reading of Mr. Brinsley’s daughters was not only extensive, but had been judiciously directed, and they spoke both English and French with purity and grace. They knew well their social position at Boston, knowing also that in two or three years they would be in a position, in respect to means, so as to remove from new to old England, where now, happily, they can find unprejudiced reception in society. They have, therefore, with good sense, made up their minds to live cheerfully within themselves, until they can change their place of

residence without injuring their property. 'This,' said I, 'is the family whom the hypocritical Prudential Committee, of Park Church, have insolently excluded from the heap of stone, mortar, and brickwork, which they have the vain presumption to style the temple of the Most High. Possibly, if the pedigree of the prudential members were known, it would turn out that some of their ancestors only escaped the gallows to be transported from Newgate to Massachusetts.

"On bidding good night to Mr. Brinsley's family, after spending a most satisfactory and pleasant evening, I prevailed on him to promise dining with me next day at the ZION HOTEL."

CHAPTER VII.

A DINNER ORDERED AND NOT EATEN.

“ Some for abolishing black pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in.”—HUDIBRAS.

“ She said she had rather fight with a *funeral* than eat with a black.”—ADAM HODGSON.

“ On the following day,” continued Profundus, “ I ordered dinner to be served up at four o’clock, acquainting the waiter that I had invited a gentleman to dine with me, and that I intended to start by the stage very early next morning on my way for New York.

“ At four, precisely, the waiter laid the cloth ; and a few minutes after, he came in and said that there was a coloured man in the passage who wished to speak to me.

“ ‘ Tell the gentleman to walk in,’ I replied.

“ ‘ I guess he be no gemman, massa, he be coloured man,’ answered the waiter, who was himself a negro, and perfectly aware of the contempt shown his race.

“ ‘ Never mind what he is,’ said I, rather out of temper, ‘ I want to see him, and he wants to see me—so tell him to come in.’

“ ‘ Oh ! massa, I calculate, I dar’nt,’ replied the wretched hireling, stupified as how to act, although dread of consequences alone prevented him from obeying my command, and I immediately rose, walked to the passage, took Mr. Brinsley by the hand, and led him to the parlour, where we sat down to converse until dinner would be served.

“ Some delay as to the appearance of dinner, made me ring the bell (for there was a bell in the room), and in came Sambo, who stood waiting my orders.

“ ‘ Sambo,’ said I, ‘ it is now half an hour after the time I ordered dinner, serve it up instantly, if you please.’

“ ‘ He not be come, massa, I wait for gemman

dinner bean ready some time past,' answered Sambo.

“ ‘ The gentleman is here,’ said I impatiently, ‘ let us have dinner immediately—none of your excuses, Sambo.’

“ We still waited, and at last in came the landlady, a fresh-looking woman, dressed in rustling silks, and in person not unlike, although her face wanted the usual good temper of, a comely English landlady.

“ I rose, bowed, and begged to know the lady’s wishes, or rather what she had to say, when, lo ! she broke forth, as if speaking through a brass trumpet, to imitate, as it were, the most grating tones of which, her voice, forced through her nose, was most appropriately adapted.

“ ‘ Mr. Englisher,’ she began, ‘ I guess I’m not to be *hinsulted* in *mine nown hauss*. So git-hout you an yir nasty nigger.’

“ ‘ Madam, I beg your pardon, I would not insult a fly,—I have put up at your house from its being recommended to me as respectable and comfortable, and I really have found it so,’

said I, endeavouring to soften the enraged dame, whose gestures and positions, were not unlike that of an angry turkey-cock.

“ ‘ Don’t insult me, Mr. Englisher, by nick-names, I’m not no Frenchman’s mistris, nor not a fly neither, nor not to be *hinsulted* in *mine nown hauss* by Englishers and niggers: no, I guess not! I’m too spry and cute for that, I calculates. — Sambo has taken down your beggarly baggage, and you ha’nt gottin much on’t, and so *git-hout*, I says; and there’s yer *count*, and pay it, and so again I says, *git-hout*, you an yir ‘nashin dirty nigger,’ she continued in the same tone of passion,—very unusual, as I can happily testify, in an American lady, but not uncommon in the manners of an ignorant rich woman of the United States who fancies herself insulted, or not sufficiently honoured.

“ ‘ Really I do not comprehend you, ma’am; let us but eat our dinner quietly—the bill I will certainly pay at once—but I do not wish to leave your hotel until early to-morrow morning; and I beg to assure you that nothing was

further from my intention than to think of insulting you.'

" ' Insult me ! I guess you did, you Englisher, —you have treacheringly *thou't* yourself spry enought to git a dinner in *mine hauss* for a nigger—you nicknamed me madam, and that's the name of a Frenchman's mistress ; and you nicknamed me fly, and that's a thief that drinks out of every glass—I would, I guess, not be nicknamed nor be put down by any universal living man ; so I say git-hout of mine hauss, this very instant, git-hout, git-hout !' concluded the mettlesome woman, at which moment her husband made his appearance.

" He was a man of more cool temper, and reported to have had no small interest in one or more slave-trading vessels. On my explaining to him how matters stood, he expressed himself as follows :

" ' Why, squire, I guess I would not never at all calculate on not being civil : but you knows, I guess, that I am a member of the prudential committee, of Park-street church, and that this here coloured man is Brinsley the nigger, and

that it would be a tarnashin universal eternal disgrace to Zion Hotel, if a coloured man, or any one that is seen, by any manner of means, in the company of a coloured man, *stopped*, or *eated*, or *slepted*, in *mine hauss*—so I calculates, squire, you and Zion Hotel better now and for ever after cry quits, and never have no more reckonings.’

“On this Mr. Brinsley observed that he would go home, and begged of me not to be put to any inconvenience on his account; but even this would not suffice,—the landlord considered that it would be a contamination of his house, to allow *any Englisher*, who had ever associated with a coloured man, to sit down afterwards within the doors of Zion Hotel. So there was no alternative, but paying my bill, which, was certainly not extravagant, and moving off with my luggage along with Mr. Brinsley, at whose house I dined and slept, with great comfort.”

CHAPTER *VII.

THE VIRGINIANS.

“ Le Virginien de *race pure* est ouvert, cordial, expansif; il a de la courtesie dans les manières, de la noblesse dans les sentimens, de la grandeur dans les idées; il est le digne descendant du *gentleman* Anglais.”—MICHEL CHEVALIER.

SUMMER in America succeeds winter, with scarcely the intervention of what we consider spring in Europe. On the first of May, when Playfair passed through Washington, all nature was smiling under the influence of the most genial climate. The capital was deserted, and nearly as dull as the famous English cinque port of Sandwich. The fields were green,—the farmers were all active and happy in their agricultural occupations,—the woods had burst forth into cheerful vernal life and beauty,—the

red, green, blue, and golden-feathered creation of America had reappeared,—the Potomac, broad and smooth, was animated with a never-ceasing movement of river-craft; the days were not yet too sultry, and the nights were clear and beautiful.

At this season, Playfair and Profundus wandered over a great part of Virginia, where its far-famed hospitality is as fully extended to all who reside there, and to all who travel over it, as ever it was in the generous days of those good old country gentlemen—the Buckskins.

The roads were not very good, but the horses excellent. The inns were found not equal to those of the north, but the hearty welcome of the planters far more than made up for this inferiority. The soil is diversified: being fertile, except where exhausted by tobacco crops and by slave labour, and except where extensive tracts occur occupied by pine barrens and dismal swamps.

The ever-present slave population, and their condition, formed however a stubborn *fact* which *falsified* the boast of American liberty, and when Playfair saw the negro mothers

carrying mulatto infants to the fields, the prevalence of the most iniquitous and degrading immorality was no longer to be contradicted, and the nursery verse,—

“ I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun ;
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labour done,”—

came back more impressively into his recollections than the most poetic stanzas he had ever read.

He travelled on to Richmond, the capital of the state, and romantically situated on the bank of James's River, and on ground steeper than Richmond on the Thames.

But what a difference was here ! None of the sylvan rural tranquillity of England's Richmond, and yet the neighbourhood was woody, and the country picturesque.

The Virginia Richmond has few buildings worthy of notice, except the Capitol, situated on a hill and built to resemble the Parthenon at Athens,—and its far-famed flour-mills*—and tobacco-warehouses. The streets are unpaved

* These are the largest in the world, in one there are twenty pairs of stones perpetually grinding.

and dirty—the trading movement to and fro incessant. The merchants and other inhabitants are courteous in their manners, remarkably hospitable to strangers,—and honourable in their dealings.

If the cultivation of the soil, and preparing its productions, in so perfect a state for market, that a Richmond brand on a barrel of flour, or on a hogshead of tobacco, is a never-failing guarantee of the good quality of both,—if strict honour in fulfilling promises and obligations in town and in country,—if practisers of the most free-hearted hospitality, without any mean motive,—if treating slaves with greater leniency in regard to *labour* and *infliction* than in the slave-states generally,—if having produced many of the great statesmen of the Union,—speak highly for Virginia, it is lamentable to be obliged to admit that there is an immoral rottenness in her body which has thoroughly diseased both the physical and mental constitution of her white inhabitants.

There are many healthy and able men, both in body and mind, still living in Virginia,—

many who are the dignified descendants of the old English gentlemen, who foresee the evils, and would, if they could, abolish slavery, and who even wish that Virginia was still under the British dominion. But, alas, that race is fast dying away,—and who are succeeding them?

Lamentable, indeed, is the truth, although on this subject, in Virginia, and south of the Delaware, *it must not, cannot be uttered*. The majority of the white generation of Virginia, exhibit to you men, whom sensual intercourse with the negresses, mulatto, and quadroon women, have vitiated and degraded, and whom the existence of slavery has worn out, in like manner, as slave labour has exhausted the fertility of their plantations.

If Mr. Maddison often expressed, “that vice in Virginia stops only short of destruction to female slaves, all of whom are supposed to be mothers at fifteen,—and if the fathers of the children are usually the planters and their sons, from the age of puberty upwards,—and if the principal advantage now gained by the shareholders arises from the breeding of slaves for the southern markets,—and if the Virginians do

not marry until after many years' indulgence in the vice of which Maddison accused them,—and if slave labour has rendered the soil barren,—what, after all this, can we look for, in the *near future* of Virginia?*

* Not only the slave-holding states, but many citizens living in other states, look only at *near interest* in the *slave question*. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes from London as follows :

“ London, June 16, 1840.

“ I find all the English nearly abolitionists, and at present there is a perfect *negromania* in London. An “*anti-slave-trade*” meeting was lately held, at which the *Dutch Prince Albert* presided. This is all well enough. We are opposed to the slave trade, and have declared it piracy. But there is also sitting an “*English and Foreign Anti-slavery Convention*” as it is called here, at which a number of Americans, *vile traitors to their country*, have appeared as delegates, and who have joined in repeating the foulest and grossest libels against their country, and like a set of *damnable traitors*, they are soliciting England to interfere in the domestic affairs of our country, either by argument or force.

I tell you, and all Americans through you, *England is bitterly against us, so is France, and so is Europe, with the exception of Russia*. The fanatics in this country are fast pushing matters to a most serious and alarming crisis ; and the *result* will be, *Russia and the United States on one side, and Great Britain and France on the other*. A great struggle is coming on, and cannot be much longer postponed. *For God's sake let the United States be united*. Let them arouse and put their resources in the best training. Let them prepare, prepare and be ready ; for in an hour they expect not, the thief will come to destroy. *Let them hang those vile traitors, who have come over here to*

Playfair having seen full evidence in the south and its bondage, to convince him not only that the story narrated in the following chapter was true,—but that many thousands could be told, as heart-rending, and as disgraceful to the land

plot treason against their country, as soon as they return to a country they have betrayed, and on which they should never be suffered to land again. *Encourage the Russians, let them be our friends. I had rather be the friend of a power, even of less civilized men, who honour and respect my rights, than of civilized savages, who vilify me, and set all my rights, human and divine (as a slave proprietor), at defiance. Then go on for the Russians. Fortunately for us, it is a power in Europe, that, all other powers begin to fear ; and a great war is got to come on sooner or later when we shall see the old governments totter beneath the battering rams and cannon of the Russian legions. Our only safety is in this event ! Otherwise, a fanatical war would at once burst upon us, as bad as that of the Crusaders against the Holy Land for the recovery of Jerusalem. The object of the fanatics is to persuade Great Britain to go to war at once with the United States on the boundary or any other question and to make the abolition of slavery in America the sole condition of any future peace ! And the infernal and traitorous delegates to the Anti-Slavery Convention here from the United States, are urging this course, and plotting with a foreign people war and destruction against their own."*

Fair prospect of civilization in the nineteenth century ! Despotie Russia with her fifty millions of serfs, and Republic America with her five millions of slaves, are proposed to unite in putting down England and France in the progress of civilizing the world !!! England and France united, can and will, in defiance of all the bondage of the southern states, and

cursed by the *diabolical institutions of domestic slavery*, and of domestic compulsory prostitution, he and Profundus returned northwards.

all autocrat and serf powers of Russia, civilize and liberate the whole world. The greatest calamity which could affect the human race, would be a breaking up of the alliance and a renewal of hostilities between France and England. It would be to the whole world, what those scourges of God, Alaric and Attila were, when they let their Goths, Huns, and Vandals loose upon Europe.—EDITOR.

We quote the following as the recent opinion of the Editor of the *New York Herald* on the subject of slavery:

“SOMETHING CURIOUS. ABOLITION NORTH AND SOUTH.—Our views on abolition have not been hid under a bushel. We have fixed and unalterable opinions on the subject. We have lived in the South, and speak from a personal knowledge of the state of society there. *Slavery, as it is called, is the natural condition of the black race in the midst of the white race.* The blacks may be called free in law at the north, but the social position is very much alike in every white community. Their present position in the south will endure for several centuries, till the white races have increased so much as to drive them off the soil, by competition in labour. Both emancipation and colonization, as at present taught, are idle chimeras. Neither can effect any practical result. Nor does the South or the country want any change, till ages have gradually brought it about. The black races will be emancipated only by extinction, according to the order of nature, when the white races of the north have so increased as to be able to perform their work at a cheaper and a better rate, as it is now done in Europe and in India.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF MARTHA AND REBECCA
RAVENSCROFT.

“ ’Tis not a single question of mere feeling
Though that were much ; but ’tis a point of state.”
Sardanapalus.

For nearly four generations a family, which originally emigrated from Lancashire, possessed one of the most valuable of tobacco-growing estates in Virginia. For two generations the sons and the daughters and hired labouring servants, cultivated the lands and prepared the tobacco for market. The family grew rich and flourished,—the daughters married the sons of the most opulent Virginian planters, and the sons of the first and second generation continued to thrive in great prosperity and respectability among the Virginian planters, or Buckskins as they were named in *contra-distinc-*

tion to the Yankees. In the third generation more than one half of the whole estate became, in consequence of the death of his two brothers, the property of Rowland Ravenscroft. He was then a bachelor and forty years old. He had passed four or five years at Charleston in South Carolina, and had acquired business habits, and a character marked strongly with two qualities, the love of making rich fast, and the vice of sensual indulgence. On taking possession of his estate, his first calculation was how much he could make it produce. This was natural enough, and justified by custom. Rowland Ravenscroft however, made up his mind to have all the work done, not as formerly by wages-paid labour, but by the labour of slaves ; the importation of Africans having been accidentally introduced to Virginia soon after its settlement, slavery at the time we allude to, was only beginning to supersede free labour to any great extent. Ravenscroft therefore purchased twenty young Africans, eight men and twelve young girls. He became their chief overseer, and from that day all that was left of the generous

and kind disappeared from the head and heart of Rowland Ravenscroft. Making rich fast, and sensual indulgence, engrossed his whole soul : To make not only his lands but his Africans as productive as possible was the rule by which his every action was influenced.

All scruples of conscience or of virtue were sacrificed to these ends. There was scarcely one of the Africans that did not become a mother of children of whom he was the parent, and when these mothers ceased to be the objects of his sensual gratification, they were afterwards compelled to cohabit with the male Africans, merely that the slaves on the Ravenscroft estate should increase and multiply.

The young generation, most of them mulattoes, grew up, and during the twenty-three years which Rowland Ravenscroft lived, after he became a breeding slave-owner, breeding slaves was as much the business on his estate, as was the growing and curing of tobacco. Before his death he beheld grown up the children of the first children which were born on

his estate. He also beheld his own quadroon grandchildren before his death. He was in truth among his slaves a monster of iniquity, until he died suddenly in his sixty-third year.

It was supposed that a mulatto woman, by whom he had a very beautiful girl, administered poison to him, to preserve her child from early violation. A nephew succeeded to the estate and to the slaves. He was a very different man to his uncle, and had been educated at a school near Liverpool, in England. He was of an indolent and kindly disposition, and on taking possession of his property in Virginia he committed it to the care of overseers. The daughter of the mulatto woman, who it was supposed had poisoned his uncle, grew up one of the most graceful and beautiful quadroons in the country. Young Rowland took her to himself, and although he by no means formed a perfect exception to the licentiousness for which the slave-state planters and their sons have long been characterized, yet he certainly bore something like love and affection for Rachel the beautiful quadroon, and he felt all

the affection of a parent for two girls to whom she gave birth ; while the children he had by several other young quadroon, mulatto, and negro girls, were treated in respect to bringing up, labour, food, lodging, and whipping, exactly in the same manner as his other slaves.

His daughters by Rachel grew up tall, very pretty, and very graceful girls : their mother taught them to read, for this had not then been pronounced a crime ; and she had such influence over him, that, on his leaving for England, in order to arrange various matters of business with his agents in London and Liverpool, Rachel and his two daughters accompanied him. He was certainly, at that time, fond of the mother of his children, and of the latter remarkably so : in England he introduced his wife as Mrs. Ravenscroft, and soon after the two girls were sent to a good boarding-school, where they remained for three years, and *finished* what was then termed an accomplished education. The mistress of the school did more. She was a woman of excellent judgment ; she taught them to be useful, as well as ornamental ;

trained their minds in those lessons and principles of virtue, and sound morality and religion, which were best adapted to carry them through life as wives and mothers.

They returned with Mr. Ravenscroft and their mother to America, and settled again on his estate in Virginia.

The two young ladies were not long there, before they found their situation wretchedly distressing. Mr. Ravenscroft's affection for them did not seem to abate, nor did he become less kind to their mother. But the immorality which it was impossible for them to avoid witnessing, and the liberties which the sons of the neighbouring planters attempted, and which were now for the first time resisted, caused sadness and unhappiness in the innocent hearts of Martha and Rebecca Ravenscroft.

Such was the domestic condition of society on the slave estates, that for the daughter of a planter by a slave woman, however many degrees the latter was removed from African consanguinity, to resist the advances of any other planter, or planter's son, was esteemed little less than an act of insurrection or rebel-

lion, quite sufficient to justify the poor girl to be whipped to death. Such, with still more horrible atrocities, have, however, frequently disgraced, and are still disgracing the *degraded slave states* of the *land of liberty*.

Mr. Ravenscroft, on retiring to America, became indolent, and it was known that in consequence his affairs became somewhat embarrassed. About two years afterwards a young man arrived one evening at Mr. Ravenscroft's. He was the son of an old American loyalist, named Winterton, who, after the breaking out of the American revolution, removed to, and settled on the banks of Lake Erie, in Upper Canada.

He was distantly related to Mr. Ravenscroft, and in a few days he became enamoured of Martha. She became equally attached to him, and he soon after made a formal proposal to her father for her hand in marriage.

"Are you mad! marry a slave!" exclaimed Mr. Ravenscroft.

"She is your daughter, sir," replied Mr. Winterton.

"Yes, my daughter, and my slave too, sir ;

and as my slave you may take her as your concubine, but marry her, never! Marry a slave, sir, why you would establish a precedent that would ruin all Virginia and every state south! No! no, no, young man, don't come here to establish precedents, no freeman can marry a slave; any freeman can buy and lay with a slave."

"But, sir, you would not sell your own child!"

"Where is the objection?"

"The prostitution, sir!"

"Fah—faddle—fiddle—faddle—fooh—'tis done in England and elsewhere, sir, as much under the name of legal marriage as 'tis in Virginia and Carolina and away south," said Ravenscroft, smiling in ridicule of Winterton's morality.

"Pardon me, sir, interested marriages are, no doubt, usual in England and other European countries, but the social state of the wife and children, their liberty, their maintenance, and their fortunes, their position before God and the world, are all upheld by the

law of the land, and by established usage. In England, also, virtue has its high standard of respect in spite of latitudinarianism; and vice, has its degradation, which no profligacy of principle can hold up against."

"You do speak so like a methodist preacher, that you must certainly have roared at a camp-meeting and groaned at a revival," said Ravenscroft, sneeringly.

"No, sir, I am neither a preacher nor a methodist. I am, and I trust I shall ever continue to be, a man of honour and truth, and profess and practise sound principles of Christian faith and charity. I love your daughter not so much for the beauty of her person, as for the excellent worth and virtue of her heart and mind, and I conjure you as a father to give me her hand that I may preserve that virtue and that worth, in making her my wife."

"Wife, fiddle-foo-faddle, no, never, much as I love her, I would sooner hang her, than be the Virginian, who would be the father of such a precedent. I have as much affection for my daughter as any father can have for a slave-born

child. Her fate she must abide by. She was born a slave and must remain a slave. As to marriage, she can only wed a slave; that I will never allow: and to move me to consent to her wedding any man not a slave, would be breaking in upon our rights as slave-holders. This I will never agree to, no, never, to the smallest innovation of *our legitimate right to the domestic institution of slavery*. Rather than I, a Virginian planter, would countenance so dangerous an innovation, I would cheerfully stand before a scaffold and witness the execution of that daughter which you so much admire. Yet to show you that I have affection for my daughter Martha, if you will settle with her on my estate, I will contribute towards your joint maintenance five hundred dollars a year; but my slave she must remain,—over her liberty and person I must have the control. I alone have, and shall have the power to do what I like with my own. You see how great a sacrifice I am prepared to make in delivering her up to you, in a way, when you reflect on her being born a slave, far more creditable to you than for you to commit the disgrace of marrying a slave.”

“According to my moral creed, sir,” replied Winterton, “I can feel no shame in marrying a virtuous fellow-creature, of good manners and of intelligent mind; and as to her being a slave, I am very willing to redeem her freedom if you will sell your right of property in Martha.”

“Sell my right of property in, and power over Martha, to allow you to commit the *grossness* of marrying her!!! *Poooh-fooh!* You are a foolish sentimental young inexperienced man. The preachers have turned your head. *Poooh-fooh*, man, a concubine in the southern states is better than a wife in Massachusetts.”*

* In a large octavo volume, of 824 closely-printed pages, entitled “A Book of the United States,”—a book full of information, and eulogizing the United States, I find, page 460, the following passages. Speaking of Louisiana:—
“Not the least interesting of this heterogeneous population are the women who have not the pure white complexion of the Atlantic coast, or the crisp locks, or the *bent* limbs of *their remote* African ancestors. They are called *Mustees, Quadroons, &c.*, as the purity of their parentage, or the circumstances of their birth may require. Being the offspring generally of *white men*, of *standing* and *respectability*, (?) they are left in singularly unfortunate circumstances. They have *the feelings*, and, in a considerable degree, *the education* and *sentiment* of their more pure-blooded countrywomen. Nevertheless, the *prejudice* or *feeling*, be it *natural* or not, which inclines *every free white American* (mind, reader, there are white slaves as well as white free Americans) to

“Sir, whatever may be the code of morals in the southern states,” replied Winterton, “I cannot change mine. I wished to make your child happy, but never can I do so except on the virtuous condition of wedlock; nor can I ever become the parent of the children of slaves. You would have me to become the father, by your own daughter too, of children whom you, their grandfather and protector,

view the whole African race as an inferior order of mankind, prevents any legitimate union with them. So situated, they make the best of the condition into which the accident” (*i. e. the crime which produced that accident*) “of birth, and not their fault” (certainly not their fault:—why punish them for what they could not avoid?) “has thrown them. They form temporary connexions with such respectable (CRIMINAL, SENSUAL?) whites, as are able to maintain them in ease, and attachments are often formed which are not surpassed, or scarcely equalled by those we read of in romance.” (No doubt of this, but mark what follows, and let the whole civilized world hold up to disgust the atrocity of the slave states.) “However, the connexion is generally considered in the light of a bargain. The mother promenades with her fair daughter (the child of the ruthless slave-owner) on the levee, till some white stranger smitten with the charms of the latter MAKES A PROPOSAL. A bargain is made, limited in time, or unlimited, and a breach of faith thus plighted rarely occurs. This connexion (infamous as it is) involves no disgrace at New Orleans. It is the most respectable to which a female conscious of a taint of black can aspire.”

might tear from her and from me, and sell to any trafficker in human flesh! Heaven forbid, and I trust that God will protect your daughter from the evils and the snares to which her condition, as the child of the *Christian of European race*, not of the heathen African, exposes her."

"You will leave this house and this estate to night, Mr. Winterton, or evil, after what you have spoken, will befall you."

Winterton did leave Ravenscroft's that night, but not until he had an understanding with Martha for her deliverance.

He discovered that her father's affairs were in a perplexed state,—though Ravenscroft possessed a great deal of property, he was often short of money, and a few weeks before he was actually on the point of selling Martha to a libidinous old rogue from Charleston for six hundred dollars. Knowing this, Winterton repaired to Richmond, and there engaged an old usurer named Fike to make proposals to Ravenscroft for the purchase of Martha as a slave. Winterton agreed to pay Fike one thousand

dollars. Old Fike succeeded, Martha was brought to Richmond, and in a few hours became the property as the purchased slave of Winterton. Before he dined that day he signed the act which declared her a free agent, with a bond for a sufficient amount to support her, and it was then that he proposed to her in these words :

“Miss Ravenscroft, you are quite free and sufficiently independent. I love you, but if you do not think that you can intrust your happiness, until death shall part us, to me as your wedded husband, far be it from me to insist on your acting against the feelings of your heart.”

That day they were privately married by a clergyman, and Winterton having provided the means of leaving Richmond immediately after the ceremony, as it was believed that had they remained, some act of horrible atrocity would have been committed in order to destroy those who had acted contrary to the rules of the *domestic institution of slavery*.

They passed through New York, ascended

the Hudson, crossed the country to Lake Erie, arrived safe in Canada; where Mr. and Mrs. Winterton lived happily, and became the parents of an amiable and highly-respected family.

But Rebecca Ravenscroft was still a slave in Virginia—"She is my dear sister—she is a slave.—Oh! my God, how is she to escape from the evil, the vice which will beset her, the sorrow that may attend her fate!" were the oft-repeated exclamations of Mrs. Winterton.

The sisters, before parting, had settled a plan of corresponding, through the agency of an old mulatto on the estate, but by some *mal-adresse* one of the letters was intercepted by old Ravenscroft. On discovering that Martha was married, instead of her being what he believed and what he wished, the concubine of a rich Virginian slave-holder, his apprehension that her sister Rebecca would also escape from his possession, and with the fears, increasing with his age, that secret conspiracies were planned by his slaves, many of them his own children, transformed the constitutional indolence of

Ravenscroft into restlessness, and into a disposition to punish all whom he suspected. One of his first acts was to flog the old mulatto, until the life of the poor creature seemed extinct. Generally speaking, it would be merciful when they are severely flogged, not to allow them to survive the punishment. Rebecca was also locked up and ordered to receive twenty stripes every third day. At the end of a fortnight she was brought into her father's room, and severely rebuked. He told her that he would soon part with her, and that she should, on the pain of receiving a hundred lashes if she disobeyed, prepare herself to appear as agreeable and pretty as possible next day: for he expected a customer, a very rich one, who wanted a *female* to take with him to the Mississippi. Rebecca left him and retired to her little room to weep, and to bewail her fate. After some time a faint ray of hope gleamed in upon her. She roused herself, and began to consider her self-resources, and the means of escape.

She knew that her father's pecuniary difficul-

ties had occasioned him to sell eight or nine of his young female slave children, that they were the most beautiful of his *quadroons* and *mustees*, and as fair as most Virginian white women; she knew also that they were not sold to be employed in field labour, but as victims to the gratification either of the men who bought them, or to be resold as victims to the sensual embraces of the citizens of New Orleans and other places in the southern and western states; and further that for such victims a most exorbitant price was always demanded and received. She therefore made up her mind not in any way to oppose her father's intention to sell her, if such disposal of her person should be to any one living west of the Alleghanies. She knew perfectly the geography of the country between the Mississippi, Ohio, and Canada, and trusting in her God, and in her own address, she determined to persevere in the preservation of her chastity, and in her endeavours to escape from slavery.

The man to whom she was introduced next day as her purchaser, had arrived from the territory of the Missouri, where he had lately

formed a settlement. He was one of those rough, *far west go-aheaders*, and bought several labouring slaves, and paid the price demanded for Rebecca, with the understanding that he was to bring her back with him to that wild region as his concubine and housekeeper. They started next day, and journied rapidly over the Alleghanies to Cincinnati, and thence to the Forks or confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri. During this arduous and rapid journey, the miseries of Rebecca were only to be endured by the hopes, which never abandoned her, of being enabled to escape into Canada. By her address, by fawning upon her purchaser, by feigning sickness, pleading a temporary infirmity, or some ailment, she tamed even the monster, half horse, half alligator, her master, so effectually, that, on arriving at the landing-place of the great river boats, near the junction we have named, Rebecca was still the same pure maiden, that she was on leaving her father's dwelling.

She had resolved "to trust her soul to God," rather than sacrifice her virtue. She had an alternative at hand, which in the

last extremity, she had long since determined to have recourse to; this was the contents of a small phial, given her to protect her against a trial to which her mother believed the daughter would be victimized, according to the usual course of circumstances, in the land cursed with the INSTITUTION OF DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

They arrived at the above landing-place, during a critical period of the progress of settlement on the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. Tecumsch, the celebrated Indian warrior and orator, had been east and west, south and north, rousing the Indian tribes, in order to repel the further advance of the white fires* upon the red man's hunting-grounds. Before that hero of the woods appeared on the great theatre of action as chief in war, and first in command of the Indian tribes, he had conducted several skirmishes, always with success, against the American back settlements.

On the present occasion, he had received intelligence, by means of his scouts, that several Americans in flat boats loaded with stores were proceeding up the Mississippi on their way to

* United States—so termed by the Indians.

form a new settlement on the Missouri. He determined to intercept them, and lay in wait near the same landing-place, where the proprietor of Rebecca had disembarked with the remaining party of Americans and their slaves for the night: several of the latter and a few whites remained in the boats. About midnight the warriors of Tecumsch rushed upon the American encampment; torches, filled with pitch and rosin, and attached to a sort of barbed lance, were thrown into the boats and into some buildings on the landing-wharf: the Americans were instantly aroused, and met the attack with extraordinary ferocity. The rifle, the tomahawk, and the axe, were used with desperate fury on both sides. Three of the boats and stores were instantly in flames; the reflection on the waters, on the dark forest, and on the features of the maddened combatants, exhibited the most terrific scene of barbarous sublimity. The Indians fell, but not so thickly as the Americans. The latter fled to the water in which many were drowned or shot. Some gained the boats at anchor, while others who had escaped from the boats

on fire, met death in the Mississippi, or on reaching the shore, fell under the Indian tomahawk. At length the Red Warriors were completely triumphant, and seized valuable booty and several prisoners. Among the latter was Rebecca Ravenscroft. The captives were all doomed to death by the scalping-knife. Each told his tale. Rebecca narrated hers. Tecumsch came forward and saved her life. He did more, he gallantly escorted her to Lake Erie, and opposite to Detroit, he delivered her safe and unsullied into the hands of Mr. Winterton; whose brother, a man highly worthy of her, she soon after married. Never did Canada behold more amiable or more virtuous women. More affectionate wives or more tender mothers than Martha and Rebecca Ravenscroft became, were nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER IX.

WASHINGTON, OR CITY OF THE MODERN CIN- CINNATUS.

"I got a letter from the *General* yesterday, telling me to come on to Washington as soon as *steem* can bring me ; and I'm goin there like a streak of chain lightning. I'm afeerd there's more trouble there ; and I and the *General* will have our hands full, to get things to right, and rig up a new message for the next Congress."—*Letters of Major Jack Downing.*

No two cities in the world have such widely different appearances as Washington and New York. The never-ceasing activity and turmoil of the latter, its irregular buildings, its streets crowded, and often obstructed with carts, wag-gons, and trucks, its multitudes of sailors and labourers, its merchants, and dollar-hunters

have nothing in common with the little capital of the great republic.

The latter is in aspect nearly as quiet as the Hague; the position again of Washington, on the banks of the Potomac, is delectable. As to its buildings, the capitol is indeed a stately edifice, and many of the hotels and private residences are, to say the least, respectable buildings: but neither the size of the houses, nor their architecture, lends either dignity or beauty to the principal street, Pennsylvania Avenue; which, however, has the capitol at one end and the White House at the other. All besides is what may be termed well enough, that is to say, not exceeding well.

The population is the most evanescent in the world; the slaves, the common lawyers, the shopkeepers, and the landlords of hotels excepted. This being the capital, it might be expected that the functionaries of government, and the judges of the supreme court, would at least be among the permanent residents. No such thing. He who was a few weeks ago

head of the executive, has, in order to procure his daily bread, gone back to shoot racoons, grow cotton, *raise* Indian corn, and feed hogs, in Tennessee, never again to behold the "Capitol" or "White House," and far less to carry on his war to the death against the Bank. The Secretary at War would have probably before this returned far west, to Michigan, there to chop down the forest, and exterminate the Shawanees, had he not before, by desperate speculations in the lands of that region, realized a large fortune, which will enable him to bear the expense (for the salary will not do so) of being sent as an ambassador either to Paris or Jerusalem.*

Very few, if any of the other functionaries, can afford to live, if they wished, when their term of office expires, at Washington. And the

* General Harrison, lately candidate, and an almost successful one, for the Presidentship, and for which the Log cabinet hard cyder drinkers are now rousing the United States, is or was clerk or bailiff of the court at Cincinnati, of which I believe another former candidate for the chief magistracy of the nation is one of the Judges. Galatin, who found that the life of a statesman would likely starve him, now lives independently as president of a bank at New York.

senators and representatives—none of whom, we believe, have residences here—will be off “slick as lightning” the moment the session is over.

The Judges are here only for the annual term-time, which is also during the sitting of Congress. The Attorney-general of the United States, and a clerk of the court, only, of the public functionaries, reside in the capital.

Washington, therefore, except when Congress is sitting, is truly a dull town. The diplomatic corps say, generally, that to them it is especially so, but they often contrive to escape to the “White Sulphurs” or “Saratoga.”

Russia, France, Prussia, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, never send as agents to Uncle Sam’s court any but men “tried in the balance, and found *not* wanting.” They never send a *Dosey*, as England not seldom does.*

The senators and representatives, judges and

* The Court of St. James’s has had the merit of being represented at foreign courts by not a few “*sleepy bodies*.”

lawyers, nearly all with their families, and many persons of independent means, with their wives and daughters, were now assembled, from every state of the Union, in the capital, which may at this season be designated a city of legislation and adjudication, of pleasure and politics, of courtship and diplomacy.

The President receives every body except negroes and coloured men at the *White House*. The Diplomates give entertainments, balls, or soirees, in imitation of those of Paris; and all senators, representatives, barristers, and visitors who can afford to do so, give dinners and sometimes balls.

In no assemblage of the same number are there, we believe, to be seen so many beautiful women. Here many matches are made up. Here every facility is afforded for young hearts to form those endearing affections, which guarantee future happiness. Never was there a congregation of such varied people, where scandal dare not—cannot tinge the pure virtue of which the American women are, almost

without an exception, so eminent and proud an example.

Here the daughters, in the innocence and *naïveté* of their hearts, are seen in groups with admiring beaux,—or *tête-à-tête*, with an accepted or advancing lover. Here no mother finds or believes it necessary to be the duenna of her unmarried daughter, and no father who is regardless of the personal worth of the man who would become his son-in-law, provided the latter can vouch *solidly* as to the marriage settlements. Money has rarely, indeed, any thing to do in the affair of courtship, or marriage. It never enters into the mind of the young lady. If her lover loves her, and if she loves her lover, that is all the world to her. If his private character and personal reputation are without blemish, that and that only satisfies the parents.

Here lies the foundation of that domestic quiet, virtue, and harmony which generally prevail in families over most parts of the United States. Would that it were not tarnished where slavery exists! Would that its na-

tural spirit were not subdued into the cheerless prudery imposed on innocent delight by the cold restrictions of New England morality !

The season at Washington is certainly one of excitement. During that period the city forms a centralization of manners, a *focus* for general news, a centre from which legislative, executive measures are dispensed over the Union. Politics, party disputes and interests, *desperate duels in public*,—the next, rather small but generally well conducted and filled theatre, and other amusements, afford ample materials for public business, political intrigue, personalities, conversation, society, and pleasure.

CHAPTER X.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

“ Jones, who, though he had never seen a Court, was better bred than most who frequent it.”—FIELDING.

ONCE a week during the session, the President holds a levee, that is, receives all ages and sexes who have the wish or the vanity to repair to the White House on the evening of the appointed day. Hugo had both the wish and the curiosity, and accordingly, he and Dr. Profundus went to the first reception after their arrival. The scene as they proceeded was peculiar to the place and occasion. The ground, and the roofs of houses, and the branches of the leafless trees; were covered with snow. Some

progressed on foot, some on horseback, and others, men, women, and children, in sledges or carioles.

In the latter there are usually two persons, but on great occasions, as a reception at the White House, a *frolic* or a *picnic* at some distance in the country, three or four are stowed in a cariole, which has scarcely more room within than a gig. But there is a way to manage every thing in America. In the cariole there is but one seat, with length and breadth only for two persons of ordinary size to sit upon. But, as often happens, two gentlemen and two or three ladies are to go in one sledge, then one gentleman mounts in front to drive, balancing himself by a foot on each shaft, or on a cross bar. The other gentleman takes his seat within. The stoutest lady sits beside him. The next stoutest of the ladies sits on his lap, and the slightest in the lap of the stoutest lady. They then drive off at full gallop to the appointed place, over ice or snow, and not unfrequently the gentleman driver contrives to upset the cariole by some

sudden turn, so that the ladies and gentlemen are left sprawling in the snow, while the horses run off, kick the cariole into atoms, and then, with the shreds of the harness flying about their bodies and irritating them onwards, they return at full gallop to the stables they have left. This the American gallants call *fun*.

On entering the White House, there were no introductions,—no court-dresses:—boys in their *bibs*,—senators in cloaks, pea-jackets, or sur-touts,—little girls in their school-frocks,—grown-up ladies, some dressed *à la mode de Paris*, some in pelisses, some with tartan mantles and gray beaver bonnets;—all mixing together with the diplomatic corps and their families and with all other foreigners.

At first, there was something, in the *tout ensemble* of the reception at the *White House*, which to those who have only seen the dull heartless court of St. James's, the *spirituelle* and gay court of the Tuileries, or the cold simple-mannered court of Berlin, and the splendid, yet unassuming court of Vienna, seemed

mobishly ridiculous, and assuredly there was not a small portion of eccentricity present, in language as well as in dress. All, however, were at their ease, there was no servility, no feeling, no appearance of humiliation, nor was there any disagreeable familiarity or rudeness. It might indeed seem highly out of *etiquette* to observe many of the children, in order to see every one, and every thing, planted high on their fathers' shoulders.

The President stood in the middle of the great room, and near him were Woodbury and Jack Downing, and some other *aides* of the government, or as the New Yorkers would say, "helps of the *kitchen cabinet*." Mr. Van Buren received them all with a sort of suitable popular versatility, and with manners more fitting to the occasion than if *he* had been bred in a court.

The President had to shake hands, which, Major Downing says, means "shaking off" all who presented themselves, and they often paid him the most superlative of compli-

ments, and asked him the most far-fetched of questions.

“ You will sneer at the rough court of Uncle Sam,” said a member of Congress to Playfair, “ there is the President, the neat-speaking Mynheer Martin Van Buren.”

“ By no means,” replied Playfair, “ your court does not display the

——— ‘ foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
The walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur,
In Rowley’s antiquated phrase
Horse-milliners of modern days,’

of St. James’s or the Tuileries,—but you have plain, good, homespun stuff, which would be most unfittingly displaced by the assumption of the antiquated court and military dresses of England, or the laced uniforms of France. The moment you establish, or *mimic* a change, your republican government is gone. A democracy and a brilliant court are impossible alliances. The incompatibility cannot exist.”

The reception was like all receptions, a dull

one; yet Hugo thought it as interesting and somewhat more instructive than the mere parade before, and no conversation with, majesty, on passing from within the brass bars, which *pin-fold* the crowd of many colours, who go to what is styled a levee at the brick-house of St. James's.

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL JACKSON.

“The General talks of goin to the hermitage next spring,—he says he has done enuff for the country,—I thinks so too—he says, I may go along with him, or stay and lend Van Buren a hand. We’ll say something about this in the message—perhaps.”—*Letters of Major Jack Downing.*

“I REGRET exceedingly,” observed Playfair, “not having arrived at Washington during the presidency of General Jackson.”

“He was a very extraordinary man,” said Profundus. “I introduced myself, when last at Washington, to Andrew Jackson, President of half the western world. I did so by writing him a respectful note, begging the honour of calling, and the negro I sent with it brought me back an

invitation, in the general's handwriting, to breakfast at nine o'clock the following morning.

"I repaired accordingly at the exact time to the *White House*. I found him alone examining some papers. He received me with more ease than ever George the Fourth could have done."

"The latter," observed Hugo, "never received a human being, not even a valet, but as acting (and he certainly was the best actor in the world) the 'finished Chesterfieldian gentleman.'"

"Andrew Jackson," continued Profundus, "received all except those who irritated him by their angry political opposition, with the most easy unpretending good manners.

"It is true that he had not attained, or even attempted that fascination of bowing and concealing thought under mere harmonized sentences, for which George the Fourth was, and Louis Philippe is distinguished. Jackson, like that gentleman of the wilderness, the American Indian, was unembarrassed by art, and conventional forms, and therefore like the stoic of the woods, by the freedom of natural grace, well mannered, but certainly not, when suffering humanity presents

itself,—‘the man without a tear.’ No! the republican despot is as tender-hearted a man as Mackenzie’s man of feeling:—nor did he ever conceal his plans under the mask of simulation.

“Two very different persons in regard to birth, education, rank, have, take them all and all, the most natural and honest manners that I at present recollect. Both, ’tis true, are farmers,—I allude to Andrew Jackson in Tennessee, and Earl Spencer in Northamptonshire.

“Of European sovereigns, to whom I have been introduced, the late Emperor Francis of Austria, in manners resembled General Jackson; and I was also struck with the similarity of the President’s dress and figure to that of the emperor, as I have seen *Vater Franzl*, walking among his *Wiener Volk*,* which thronged on summer Sundays, to Baden. Here, however, the resemblance ends. Francis was all his life governed by his fears, and the word constitution paralyzed him. Of Andrew Jackson it may be said, if ever it could with truth of any man, that he has never known fear unless it may have been

* *i. e.* Father Francis, and Vienna people.—EDITOR.

the fear that those he loved might be subjected to calamity.

“ Jackson has had no children, but he long since adopted a son, and this son’s children were and no doubt still are most dearly cherished by ‘ old Hickory.’* Two of these ‘sat by him at breakfast. On entering they both ran up and clung round his neck. He kissed them, and they took their places at the table: the youngest saying, ‘ Grandpapa, I feel very sorry that you got up in the night to get me the medicine and syrup, I tried all I could, not to say I was ill, but my stomach ached so I could not help it.’

“ ‘ The poor child,’ said the general to me, ‘ suffers in that way now and then: and I cannot endure that he should remain a moment longer than possible in pain. They both sleep in the the same chamber with me, that I may relieve them myself, as somehow or other they are not so well here as at the Hermitage.’

“ And can this kind man, thought I, be the scourge of the Indians,—the barbarian by whose

* Hickory.—This cant name for General Jackson was given him after his victory over the Indians on the Hickory Grounds.—EDITOR.

order two Englishmen were shot,—the Hero of New Orleans, and the reckless destroyer of commerce,—whom the journals of all parts of the Union except the ultra-democratic, and some of these also, declare, that his language in regard to Carolina and the Bank has been that of a despot, whose crime—and for which he must be made to suffer—is personal ambition,—whose avocation is intrigue,—and whose government is corruption?

“Yes! and a despot, too, before whom all hitherto had given way; but the truth is, that Andrew Jackson never has thought of, or done any act in private or public life, which he has not considered morally and politically just, and calculated to promote the honour and prosperity of the United States.

“His ideas of making the republic be respected before the world, as he showed in his high-handed firmness, in regard to France, do honour to his head and heart. His commercial theory may have been fallacious,—and his attack upon the Bank unjust, as his having persisted in his measures has, no doubt, been ruinous to thou

sands ;* but his decision in regard to the nullifiers of Carolina and the Georgians, saved the Union for the time : that is, until slavery, which

* As a common instance of the utter recklessness of the periodical press of the United States, making assertions without truth, the *Baltimore Commercial Chronicle* gave lately the following : “ General Jackson, since his return to the Hermitage, has found that he has not the public treasury at his command, nor a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum.

“ What will the old hero say when he learns the fact which we copy from the *Evening Star* ? “ A draft for six thousand dollars drawn by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States *de facto*, is we understand protested for non-payment. The old general probably expected to receive fifteen cents for his cotton, and so valued upon his *factor* here. Cotton at eight cents only pays fifty cents in the dollar. The balance would have to be paid by those who dealt in borrowed capital, and who, as the general said, ought to break, to avoid which he no doubt lets the draft go back to be reduced to its proper size.” This calumny was widely circulated over the United States, and even in the English and French papers. At length the general, who seldom took notice of any thing against himself in the newspapers, was prevailed upon to contradict the falsehood, which he did as follows : “ For twenty years I have not drawn a draft upon any person whatever ; I am in no way responsible to the amount of a dollar for any person or persons, except for the purchase of *two or three slaves* for my adopted son, and all rumours in relation to drafts, my endorsements, and *losses*, are entirely false and without the shadow of foundation or truth.”

seems now more likely than ever to threaten its dislocation, causes its destruction.

“Andrew Jackson was born at Tennessee, and directed his views to the bar, as the profession by which he should earn his bread, and rise in the world. Without much learning, for that was not necessary, he commenced life, and is stated to have distinguished himself as a lawyer: having at the same time been captain and then major and colonel of the local militia.

“His first military talents and success were displayed against the Indians: as general, he gained the victory of New Orleans, making breastworks and citadels of cotton bales: this victory has raised his name high among heroes. For success he must also feel grateful to the memory of that greatest of military blunderers, Pakenham. Always a democrat, with unimpeachable probity of character,—morally and physically courageous and self-willed, he, as President of the United States republic—of a nation of universal suffrage men, displaced every man appointed by his predecessors in office, and replaced them by professed *committed* democrats, and exercised an

authority to which all willingly or unwillingly have bowed and even crouched ; and that with a higher hand than any crowned head in Europe, except Napoleon, could have, since the commencement of the present century, dared to attempt.

“ On alluding to Europe he said to me, ‘ I have never been there ; perhaps ’tis as well that I have not. Yet I feel that I should have liked to have been.

“ ‘ My ideas of foreign countries,’ said he, ‘ are those of Washington, *to form no political alliance with any country,—to extend our commercial relations with all.*’* ”

“ I observed, ‘ then would not the extension of your commerce with all the world be greatly

* Jefferson went further. “ America should never,” says he, “ receive privileges from, in order to avoid being called upon to accord the same to, foreign nations.” Mr. Clay *overleaped* this maxim at the treaty of Ghent. In truth, it is impossible to examine the negotiations of the United States with other countries, except during the administrations of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, without discovering that their diplomatists have obtained advantages : or, in other words, without gaining advantages, they would rather cease to negotiate. This is evident in regard to the boundary question.—EDITOR.

advanced by reducing the tariff, when you have no occasion to lay on duties for paying a national debt, and when you have so large a surplus revenue, which perplexes you to apply ?

“ ‘ True, mere foreign commerce and navigation no doubt would, but domestic politics require to be balanced. Look at the great power of the northern states—the manufacturing—the democratic ones. We must study that more than the noise of cotton-planters, and the merchants and brokers of Philadelphia and New York. *Universal suffrage* makes all the difference, in giving but few votes in the south. The niggers, you know, can’t vote. Besides, I have gone further in reducing the tariff to quiet the nullifiers than they deserved.’

“ I did not,” continued Profundus, “ venture to say any thing further on this question. The elections I saw had decided his political views. Democracy was in his mind of far more importance than that free trade which no democracy can prevent, between the United States and foreign nations, and I concluded by observing, that there was, at all events, sufficient trade and

intercourse between England and America, to make war calamitous to both, besides that history and common race, language, literature, and associations bound the two countries—even though unknown to the people themselves—in close and friendly alliance.

“‘True,’ he replied, ‘but our history has unfortunately several *ulcerated spots on its body*,—would that they had never broken in upon and lacerated the family in its tranquillity, or irritated the passions in its quarrels.

“‘Let our history,’ he concluded, ‘guide the councils and administration of England in regard to the Canadas. They have few evils to complain of in comparison to those which oppressed us under English rule; but they have more wicked spirits among them, *too many* of whom were, I have no doubt, of the *too bad* to remain in our republic. Let England, however, be wise, and not punish the many for the transgressions of the few.’

“Breakfast—a simple but very good one—was now finished. A little active man entered. This was Martin Van Buren. A more athletic person

followed. This was his check-mate, the famous Major Jack Downing. Public affairs were now to commence; the general put on his spectacles, and I took up my hat, made my bow, and wended my way from the 'White House' to 'Federal Hall.'"

CHAPTER XII.

FEDERAL HALL.

“This is no mine house,
I ken by the riggin o’t.”—*Old Song.*

LET it not be thought that the adjective and substantive at the head of this chapter, designate a legislative, judicial, or scientific edifice. No! The Americans have now and then different ideas of words to us, and we need not be surprised when an American asks, “if Lincoln’s Inn and Clement’s Inn *be smart taverns?*”

So, therefore, if Federal Hall be not for learning, science, justice, or law-making, it is an establishment for perhaps as useful, and certainly a

more necessary purpose. It is, in fact, a very good hotel, with a very worthy landlady directing all that relates to the comfort of her boarders and lodgers; taking special care to have an abundant larder and, what should always follow as a consequence, a good cook in the kitchen.

The furniture, fittings up, and arrangements very much resemble those of Liberty Hall; and as to the inmates, if there were no counterfeit counts, and Doubloon Jacks, or brokers' wives, there were senators and representatives, and men learned in the law; many of them differing in politics, but all agreeing very well in social intercourse. Most of them had their wives and daughters with them, and all dined together at the *table d'hôte*, and soon became acquainted in the withdrawing-rooms. Sometimes they *knocked up* a dance or a "*frolic and shuffling*," as Major Downing would say, with whom (the real Simon Pure) Playfair and Profundus now became acquainted at "*The Federal*," as the hotel was usually called for shortness.

Acquaintances were not only formed between those from the most opposite states of the Union,

but several engagements of marriage entered into, and those marriages forthwith consummated. In America Playfair saw clearly that nothing could be delayed or left to chance, and for marriage the Americans think no time like the present. That is, the moment they think of marrying, to be either off or on at once.

If there were courtships and marriages, there were also refusals; "But no instance," said Profundus, "of a lawyer or planter meeting a rebuff. I have watched," continued he, "long, lathy senators from the Far West, rich too, and capital fellows for rifle-duels, hanging after and sighing for, but shunned and refused by, the beautiful and *dollarless* daughters of a Connecticut farmer; and Virginia's pale daughters often reject all the twanging flattery of the wealthiest representative of the 'Down Easters.'"

Notwithstanding all the refusals, those who really make up their minds to marry during "Congress-time," succeed. An American never considers a dozen rejections as reason sufficient not to practise his favourite maxim "Try again," whether it be a failure in trade or in love.

As appendants to these marriages, a meeting of the families so united is usually fixed upon, at the same time, for the following season at Saratoga, or some other of the fashionable *waters*. Playfair had the satisfaction also to find that he should there meet many of the most agreeable inmates of Federal Hall next summer. This was additional inducement for him to fulfil an appointment with Major Macpherson to rally together at Saratoga, with several who had crossed the Atlantic in the same ship.

There was but one titled lady among the guests, and she was delighted with the society of Federal Hall, and with all Washington. She was the widow of a worthy tallowchandler who had been a mayor of a certain city in England, and who was knighted as such. In the society of Washington there was no exclusion, but to Lady Dips,—her *title* was a tower of strength, even among the democrats, and in a short time her *mal-à-propos* were either unobserved or were superseded by imitating the phraseology of those with whom she had passed many hours daily, and who generally, in slow utterance, spoke correctly.

The wives and daughters of the senators and representatives of the *young states*, occasionally, it is true, used singular instead of plural verbs, and gave different names to various animate and inanimate objects ; such as “ little rocks ” for stones, “ rooster ” for game-cock, and “ much obliged for some of that ’ere member-fish,” instead of “ a little cod-fish, if you please.”

The gentlemen at Washington dressed much in the plain English way. A senator from Missouri or Mississippi would now and then appear, either at the dining-rooms, or drawing-rooms of the “ Federal ” or of the “ White House,” in a rough great-coat and mocassins, and a true representative of Maine, would be, as likely, clad in a skipper’s shaggy pea-jacket, and enormous fisherman’s boots, well coated with train-oil, as proof against snow-water, and drawn up over his trousers at least a *foot* above the knee. These few exceptions, being only in honest representative character, ought therefore to be excused.

The ladies were all for the French style of dress. Indeed, we may regret that in too many things Paris has superseded London in America.

"Had I," said Playfair, "the power, I would make it imperative on the representative of England at Washington, to do every thing in politics, in the most straightforward English character, and in *mode*, in the most fashionable *British* style. Furniture, fêtes, carriages, and manners, all in the real Devonshire (not in the county's but the duke's) taste."

"Alas!" ejaculated Profundus, "England is not represented at Washington!"

"The same," continued Playfair, "should also be made the condition of appointment to the consulates of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Charleston, and New Orleans. What wise policy this would prove in regard to demand for British manufactures and fashions! Four or five thousands more, to enable the envoy and consuls to effect this would be no more than throwing away a *white-bait* to catch a *kraken*."

"Would the radicals allow it?" asked Profundus.

"They could not help it," said Playfair. "Opposition would raise up the hew and cry of all the manufacturers against them, and then fare-

well to the popularity of the radical members; but the radicals would allow it. Let it be proven that the expense would be for real benefit to the country, and Joseph Hume himself would be the first man to vote the outlay."

As guests, some of the most famous senators and members of government frequently dined at the *table d'hôte*, and some of these were also boarding at the "Federal." Among others there were often at table, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Chief Justice Tanney, Daniel Webster, J. C. Calhoun, Attorney-general Butler, Governor Mac Duffee Crawford, Amos Kendall, Colonel Hayne, Mac Lane, Van Buren, Rives, Forsyth, Levi Woodbury, and last, not least, Major Jack Downing, forming a wonderful *galaxy* of republican *luminaries*.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT WASHINGTON.

THE President gave dinners by rotation. These were usually cooked and served much in the same way as the best dinners are in Europe. Yet it was imperative in this democratic land to invite, on each occasion, a certain number, promiscuously, of the members of both Houses of Congress, and several other political characters. Some of the guests consequently, were far more intimately acquainted with the usages of Kentucky, Illinois, and Maine, than with the routine introduced from the dining-rooms of London and Paris.

On one occasion, a member from Tennessee, who found the champagne so delicious that he gulped at least twenty glasses to his own share, often taking three or four as fast as they were filled by those who served the wines round. When helped to champagne, he would say, "Now, mister nigger-help, I says these here slim glasses be'ent made for a gentleman who be'es *dry*, as I be'es, so I says don't *snake off* till I've enuff to wet my pipe."

He then essayed to crack olives with their stones, having mistaken them for another kind of fruit; but having, instead, cracked one of his own teeth, he exclaimed, "By the 'tarnal, your cider, President, is most better than any we'es got in Tennessee, but your dang'd green gages, swear the be'es harder than rifle bullets." He mistook Moët's best sparkling for the one, and the olives for the other.

A member from Maine, who loved to talk during dinner, found two or three times in succession, that the plate on which he was helped was taken away before he had scarcely tasted what was on it, and cried out lustily to one of

the servants, "I say, you nigger, if you snatch away my plate and after eating all the meat on't and *licking* it clean as washed, placing it 'fore me as if I had done it, I swear I'll axtinguish you."

This, however, was not so *outré* as what is asserted to have happened during General Jackson's first presidency. A huge representative from Kentucky, missing his plate in the same way, whenever he laid down his knife and fork to relate some marvel of the great waters and backwoods, determined to watch and act. He therefore laid down his knife, and holding his fork in his right hand, rose his eyes and began a tale of wonder: the servant on this stretched in his arm under the Kentuckian's to take away his plate. The latter, however, as quick, and as surely as if he were fighting a rifle duel, transfixed the unfortunate mulatto's hand by lancing the fork through it and into the table, the moment he touched the plate;—the Kentuckian roaring out, "You 'tarnal fox of a nigger thief, I've trapped you!"

With, however, a very few barbarisms such

as these, good order and simple-mannered decency were always conspicuous at the President's tables.

At the balls, there was occasionally eccentricity, rough enough in its mode of phraseology. A Down Easter, who had never been taught the positions by a teacher of steps and attitudes, might be seen striding up to a slender young beauty, who had probably been not only taught to dance quadrilles, but also to waltz—and address her in such phrases, as “Miss, will you *shuffle*?” or, “Miss, will you jig it?”—“reel it?” or, “down and up the middle it?”

Some lady-admiring *beau* would walk up to a foreign minister, and say, “That ’ere smart lass is the sylph-beautiful Miss B——, of county C——; t’other, with ‘grace in all her steps, and heaven in her eye,’ is the *divine* Miss D——, of New York. She’s *rale superfine upper-crust*.* —Her father, Mr. D——, is *a most respectable*, worth more, I guess, than eight hundred thousand dollars;” and so on through the

* A transatlantic superlative for high rank, derived originally from the upper crust of *pumpkin pie* (a favourite article of pastry), being in high estimation.—EDITOR.

alphabet, giving to each *Miss*, only the initial of her name.

Young ladies often, on either wishing to decline dancing, or sometimes, when they wished not to appear too willing to do so, would reply, "No, sir, much obliged."

These peculiarities of expression were likely not to be remarked, except by foreigners; and taking the society at Washington altogether, it was far less marked by absurdities of American stamp, than by the ridiculous imitation of the follies and affectations of London and Paris.

What chiefly disgusted Playfair, was the state of slavery, although slaves are treated with less than usual severity in the district of Columbia; and next to this the recklessness of duelling. The least quarrel and the most imaginary affront, was only to be settled by rifles or pistols. General Genesis Groorooster, and Major Methusalem Melt of Maine, who had just pronounced a most beligerent speech against England on the "Boundary Question," quarrelled about some sectional custom; they fought with rifles, and the representative of "Down East" was killed,

buried with funeral honours, and eulogised in a funeral sermon. A professed duellist from Louisiana, who had previously shot Squire Syrian Snig, fastened an affront on Groorooster, and it was decided they should fight with pistols in a dark room, and after *the first round* to attack each other in the dark with *bowie knives*, while hundreds without the door of the house where the duel took place waited the result.

Groorooster fired in the dark, and missed; the Louisianian fired instantly. Groorooster fell, and his opponent rushed at him in the dark to despatch him with his long knife. Groorooster, at the moment he was about to receive a mortal thrust, caught sight of the glistening cat-like eyes of his opponent over him, and plunged his *bowie* knife into the monster's heart. Groorooster then screamed out, "It is all done slick." The curious crowd without opened the doors and window-shutters—rushed in—found the Louisianian dead, and Groorooster mortally wounded. The two were buried on the same day, in the same graveyard, and with the usual honours and eulogies.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

“ No eyes the rocks discover
Which lurk beneath the deep.”

“ Mr. Van Buren would stand a good chance in a race where a good many are runnin, and if the ground is muddy and slippery ; for he is a master-hand at trippin folks. But I’m afeard he’d stand a slim chance over a clear field ; and it ain’t fair to make him run so. Any man can catch a *rat* in a *strait race*, because he ain’t *used to it* ; but give a *rat* a few old barrels and logs to dodge about, then I tell you ’tis pretty tough work.”—MAJOR DOWNING.

“ Physical advantages are one component part of successful oratory,” observes Mr. Bulwer, in speaking of Sir Robert Peel.

“ MR. VAN BUREN,” said Profundus, describing the President of the United States, “ is little indebted to personal appearance, for the

distinction he has acquired in America, and on seeing him and inquiring of his friends, or his enemies, what has he done? one is perplexed in accounting for his attaining such distinction.

“In person he really looks mean. His face is plain, but were it not for his little wretched pale eyes, and cream-coloured eyebrows and lids, and his hair which resembles half-bleached tow,—it would be very expressive. It seems to tell you a great deal as it is. He has undoubtedly gathered, without being learned, a great stock of *common-use* information; but of all men on earth he is the least communicative. I have heard it asserted by those even of his own party, that, ‘he has never said any thing worth remembering:’—I cannot contradict this, from any expression that I have heard him utter.

“He is certainly more of what the French express so well by the word *habile*, than a man of great mental *calibre*. A politician of expedients, rather than a great statesman. He as certainly possesses the tact of flattering the democrats, and by that flattery, cajoling them. His flattery is too clumsy to dupe a well-bred well-

educated European. A Frenchwoman would laugh outright at his almost backwoodsman-like *mal-à-droit* admiration of her *toilette*. By the by, I have seldom seen an American at Paris or London from any part of the republic north of Baltimore, who did not consider it an essential *saloon* accomplishment to praise,—usually in superlatives,—a lady's dress: and if a bonnet or shawl, or tippet, happened to lie on a piano, table, or sofa, who would not take it up, and turn, and look, and praise, and ask questions about it.

“ Mr. Van Buren has been nearly all his life a *non-committal*. Jackson forced him to commit himself politically, which, however, secured him his election; yet in committing himself he must have thought with Macbeth,

‘ I am afraid to think on what I have done,
Look on 't again I cannot.’

“ The only apparent, and according to English ideas, dishonourable blemish in his character is, that in flattering you, he endeavours to impress on your mind his conviction of the badness of all that is opposed to your ideas, whether it be in regard to men or things. This is detestable.

“He has another propensity or principle,—a more cunning one too,—which he manages with *genooyne* Yankee application. I regret to lay it to the charge of many of the American diplomatists of the northern states whom I have met in Europe. That propensity, or rather *design* is artfully *putting leading questions*. This is very apt to put honest men off their guard, and although we may in reply say nothing injurious to ourselves, to our friends, or to our country’s weal, *putting leading questions*, either in relation to private or political affairs, is, to say the least, impertinent. The design of *putting leading questions* is, to lead us to commit ourselves: therefore dishonest and immoral. Whenever I discover a man putting either crookedly or systematically *leading questions* to me, I do not think it worth while to quarrel with him, but I mistrust, and bear no respect for him afterwards.”

“I am of opinion,” said Playfair, “that straightforward honest frankness, on the part of a statesman and diplomatist, would ensure both more certain success, and more honourable fame, than

all the masked policy ever played off by the most accomplished *diplomates des salons*."

"Of late years," continued Profundus, "the American agents—especially those of the young school—at foreign courts, attempt imitating the latter. They do so clumsily, and at the same time with the *interweaving of putting leading questions*. It is by the latter they find out so much. A Frenchman always replies to them; but with all his sprightliness, he never lets slip from his mouth a sentence that will betray himself, or his purpose; and he answers the *leading question*, by giving any other information than that which has been sought for.

"The blunt Englishman and the heavy German, naturally *speak out*; and this is what the *leading question men* wish and watch for. There is another Yankee practice of finding out things: that is, asserting gravely, and apparently in confidence, what they know not to be true, in order that you may in the honest ardour of declaring the truth, reveal exactly what he, *the Yankee*, is desirous to worm out of you.

"I have," continued Profundus, turning round

to a senator, "had the opportunity of knowing many of the statesmen and diplomatists and gentlemen of the old school."

"Alas!" said Mr. L——, formerly American minister at B——, and now member of Congress for South Carolina: "Alas!" said he, "those gentlemen of the old school have almost to a man disappeared from among us, and we shall 'never see their like again.'"

"I had," observed Profundus, "the honour of knowing Jefferson and the first President Adams, and Maddison, and Andrew Jackson, and Lowndes, and the late De Witt Clinton,—governor of New York,—and also the late Judge Marshall, and other gentlemen of the old school; all of whom, except Jackson, the last twenty years have sent down into the grave. They were all, as is well known, remarkably intelligent and well-bred men, and never put *leading questions*, nor made *assertions*, to provoke you to reveal what you would probably otherwise not say."

"I consider," remarked a representative from the state of New York, "the continuance of peace and of a good understanding between Eng-

land and America of such high importance to both nations, that I have studied with care, and without the least prejudice, the characters, principles, and abilities of those who take at present a lead in public affairs at Washington, and who form as it were a *model school* for the new race of statesmen."

"I do not," said a Pennsylvanian, "think that Mr. Van Buren has, unless unforeseen circumstances favour him beyond any probability, the smallest chance of being re-elected, after the expiration of his four years as President. The much greater mind, but the far less expedient one, of Andrew Jackson, has *used up* nearly all the popularity under the influence of which his successor has been elected."

"True enough," said Profundus, "for in no country on earth is *popularity* a more *capricious charlatan*, or more evanescent than in the United States. In New England Van Buren had his share of the public applause, until he *committed himself* under Jackson, by giving his *casting vote* on the bill relative to slavery, by which he lost all support and reputation among the abo-

litionists. In his own state—New York—and also in many commercial towns, his popularity was not at a discount; but the iron hands of Andrew Jackson plunged the non-committing Mr. Van Buren ‘head and shoulders’ into the *slough* of democracy, and then dragged him into the broad front of the fiery battle against the Bank. His New York popularity, as well as most of the power he influenced in every commercial town in the Union, vanished from that moment, never to reappear.”

“There is,” observed Playfair, “something melancholy in a man holding the highest executive power of a great nation, raised too by the national voice, *tuned* no doubt for the time by his management, and this man descending at once from his high state into obscure life: His very existence probably forgot, unless he, like some of the ex-presidents of the United States, return to practice at the bar for a subsistence, or perchance, like John Quincy Adams, be elected as a humble representative among numerous others of the same state at the same time to Congress.”

“In regard to England,” observed the Pennsylvanian, “I believe Mr. Van Buren is by his habits of thinking, and from policy, anxious to maintain the most friendly understanding. On this ground I know he entertains more than usual fears as to the possible consequences of the alarming turbulence which is at present manifesting its criminal designs in the Canadas.”

“He comprehends, also,” said Profundus, “the elements of the American Union, and the sectional interests and prejudices of the particular states too intimately, not to apprehend the dangers which menace the Union from within. He knows also full well that the international commerce carried on between England and the United States, however important to the former, is, even upon the basis of the credit given by the British subject to the American citizen, vital to that enterprise, activity, and progress which are so remarkable in the United States. A war with England, whether arising from a break-up in *Canada* or any other cause, would arrest this commerce. Such a war would, it must be admitted, be highly injurious to England: first, in

regard to the supply of raw cotton required by her manufacturers,—secondly, in respect to navigation and the interchange of commodities generally,—and thirdly, as bearing upon British finances, especially as to the revenue derived from the duty on tobacco. But a war with England, if continued by the latter with wisely-directed vigour for a year, would be ruinous to America, and from existing circumstances, more than probably, break up the Union. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Adams, are soundly impressed with this conviction. Mr. Clay may, in one of his oratorical flights, exclaim something which the newspapers may call *heroic* upon the subject, and Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster may become eloquent in asserting that the United States' citizens are the first people in the world; but Mr. Van Buren, notwithstanding my non-approbation of him in many respects as a statesman, and those who may be in his cabinet for the forthcoming year of his presidency, will, I am convinced, direct their policy to maintain to the utmost a good understanding with England."

“Mr. Van Buren,” remarked Playfair, “being himself, as I find, remarkably mistrustful of others, there is one point on which the Queen of England’s ministers should be mistrustful of him : that is, the view which Americans take of the boundary question, as well in regard to the disputed territory, including many millions of the best-timbered acres, and richest soil too, of New Brunswick, but also to a vast region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. A region which I have made a voyage to, and in itself an empire in extent, indented with fine harbours,—decked with islands,—watered by magnificent rivers,—with plentiful fisheries,—with a genial climate,—fertile soil,—and valuable timber. The Russians already occupy a portion of its territories on the north, and are yearly pushing their aggressions south. The Americans claiming also so much of it on the north, that the rights of England seem as if inevitably destined for the hungry stomachs of *unwearied Jonathan* and the *insatiable Czar*.”

“Beware, John Bull !” said Profundus, in an impressive voice and utterance,—“Beware thee,

therefore, of the aggression pointed out to thee:—those of Nicholas, and of Martin Van Buren. Both, however, will only act opportunely.”

“We have now,” said Playfair, “spoken of the President as a politician and statesman, what is his character as a man?”

“As a man,” replied Profundus, “he has personally a generous heart, and I believe in every relation, except political, with his fellow men, he is perfectly honest. He is also said to be in private life a strictly virtuous man. He writes with cleverness rather than with elegance or power. He speaks well on a given subject, but he is certainly defective in conversational language, and in manners. To narrate agreeably, or to delight others, in the art in which the French excel—*l’art de causer*, he must needs be recreated.”

“Now,” asked Playfair, “after all this description, how has he arrived at the distinction of being elected to the highest executive power in the government of eighteen millions of citizens and slaves?”

“ Or, in Schiller’s words,” observed Profundus,

“ What is the short meaning of this long discourse ?”*

“ Perhaps Jack Downing has explained it,”† said the senator: “ for the accomplishment of no great measure, except it be his own election, is, either by friends or enemies, ascribed to Mr. Van Buren.”

“ To me,” observed Profundus, “ it appears, that being one of the most useful instruments on earth to cut and carve with, in the hands of General Jackson, has alone elevated him to the presidency.”

* “ Was ist der langer Rede kürzen Sinn.”—WALLENSTEIN.

† See the head of this and the following chapter.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV.

MERIT AND DEMERIT.

“ Every man should be as good as possible, but not *suppose himself* to be the only thing that is good.”—PLOTIN.

“ ‘ MAJOR,’ says Mr. Van Buren one day, ‘ I wish you would do all the talking with them *here* manufacturing folks—you have a knack that way.’

“ ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ I don’t know but I have ;—but,’ says I, ‘ Mr. Van Buren, I guess you can talk as glib as most folks.’

“ So he can, for I do raly believe if Mr. Van Buren was to set up a factory, he would turn out cloth that would suit every kind of living cretur, and no one could tell whether it was made of

cotton or flax, hemp or wool,—twilled or plain, or striped, or checked,—but little of all on 'em. I never see such a curious cretur as he is. Every body likes him, and he likes every body, and he is just like every body; and yet in all the *droves* of folks I have seen since I left Washington, I never seed *any body* like Mr. Van Buren. Enos Lymer got a painter to try to git a likeness of Mr. Van Buren, for his sign-board to the tavern on the road to Taunton. 'Well now,' says I, 'just put up your brushes; you may just as well try to paint a flash of heat lightning in dog-days.' But he tried it, and the sign-board looks about as like Mr. Van Buren, as a salt cod-fish looks like a pocket-hankercher."

Such is Jack Downing's delineation of the President of the United States. On returning from the "White House," after the reception, characters and their politics were again discussed by the party assembled at "Federal Hall" drawing-room, and Van Buren had his ample share of unmeasured praise and unreserved abuse.

"Martin Van Buren is now a doomed man, I concludes," said a grave senator from Philadel-

phia. "Public opinion in our city have *sat in jury* over him, and have given in a verdict of guilty against, and passed sentence of 'tarnal death upon Jacksonism and Van Burenism."

"New York has nullified the *Van Deceptionist*, who has come in after the bank and trade Lyncher," exclaimed a representative of the city of brokers.

"You are all in *down-dark wrong*," exclaimed a worky of the Union for levelling the education of the rich,—“Martin Van is the uprightest man in the 'tarnal universe—he is a *hole-hog* democrat, and I be's a rale *helephant* of an *hole-hog* democrat—*here-go*, that's *low-cheek*,* Van Buren is the rale *genooyne* for to be re-elected President."

"You are all at Lynch law, I guess, crucifying Martin Van afore he's tried. I be's for leaving him for *whole-term* trial," said a deputy from Kentucky.

"I guess I shall do likewise," twanged an abolitionist from Connecticut; "but I calculates if he does not *commend* nigger liberty in his next

* Query, *Ergo* and *Logic*.—P. D.

message, all north and down east will excommunicate him."

" 'Messieurs! Gentlemen,—all this is, to be sure, very *mal-honnête*," remarked, with the most graceful bow, a Floridian barrister of French race from Tallahassee. "For *premièrement*, *en regard* to *Monsieur* the late *le President* General Jackson, he has *toujours* been *brave*, very *fameuse* for *courage*, and *La Gloire*, much more great and brave general as *Villaintong*; very near as *mortel* as *mon parent Napoleon*. General Jackson is *toujours* for *La Gloire*, and for *La Patrie*."

"*Secondly*, *President actuel*, *Monsieur* Van Buren is like myself. *Un Avocat très instruit*, and *derefore très distingué*: and *plus* like myself and *mon cher ami Thibadeau*, and *l'ami du grand Vazington*, *le General Lafayette*, *tout-à-fait Républicain*. *Messieurs*, gentlemen, I beg pardon, but *je vous prie*, for *la cause* of *l'amour propre* and for *dee cause* of *l'amour de la Patrie*, to speak *vid respect* of *Messieurs l'ex-President* and of *le President actuel*."

"Great general, the old hero,—yes I guess,

I swear, I know, 'tarnation greater, out of all sight, and 'tarnally more mortal than Wellington, nor Bonaparte,"—was the almost general shout,—"but his war agin the Bank made him the *wordest* of presidents,"—roared the majority.

"As to bravery, gentlemen," observed Playfair, with some earnestness, "I have no doubt that General Jackson is as truly entitled to the reputation of courage, as Alexander or Cæsar,—as Charles the Twelfth, or Frederick the Great,—as Murat, or Napoleon,—as Marlborough, or Wellington!—but as to generalship, although your hero displayed, no doubt, great bravery and skill against the savage warriors, and defended with undoubted gallantry the ill-planned and worse-conducted attack against New Orleans; yet his opportunities were too few and on too contracted a scale for history to rank his exploits in pages, which the victories of Napoleon and Wellington are destined to immortalize."

"Very properly remarked, sir," said a learned Charlestonian. "The besetting sins of our republic are, flattery and boasting. To whom we owe the *first* I do not know, unless it be to France and Ireland. The *latter* we have in-

herited from John Bull, with the difference that *John* deals in comparatives—*Jonathan*, in superlatives.”

“Losh me!” exclaimed Zekiel *Hitchrooster*,*
 “was there ever since the day Hendrick Van Hudson landed on Manhattan, sich’na ’tarnal treacherous flatterer as that ’ere Martin Van! Johnny-Cake† choke me, if he didn’t flatter old Hickory himself, and he flatters all nature besides,—and that’s not the *eend* on’t, for when he flatters you he scandals all he thinks you don’t like!”

“Woa! woa!” broke forth Major Jack Downing, “that’s what I seed so much on, when we made the *grand tower*, and don’t you mind how he flattered them *arter* we returned, till they singed him this here song?

‘Come, comrades one and all,
 Here assembled in the hall,
 Let us sing of times past, present, and to *cum*.
 We have every thing at stake,
 And our fortunes yet to make,
 And the public good is nowadays a hum.

* Originally Hitchcock, but changed under the Puritans to the more modest name of Hitchrooster.

† Crisp bread made of Indian corn meal.

‘Times past have all gone by,
And old laws are all my eye,
The present and the future we are sure in ;
When the *gineral's* time is up,
We'll fill again the cup,
And drink to Amos Kendle and Van Buren.”

“ I guess and calculates,” said a co-representative from Massachusetts, “ the only statesman that can prevent nullifaction, stop universal ruin, preserve national morality, unload this most mighty of republics from the dark disgrace of slavery, is John Quincy Adams. All the terrible misfortunes and judgments now hanging over us, are caused by your not electing him President. Look at,—read, and understand, *if you can*, his glorious speech on *Texas*, to prove this. I am almost inclined to make a speech in Congress *displaying* how the holy integrity of the Union,—how the eternal laws of liberty, and justice, and religion, have been hunted to the very precipice of destruction, from the majority of the people being blindfolded into voting wrong. A crisis,—a commercial crisis,—a Texian crisis,—an Indian, and Negro crisis,—a more than terrible collision of yellow and coloured, and of black and of white, is hanging in portentous clouds over this

doomed land, and it behoves you how to prepare for the judgment which is even now at hand."

"Not only an orator but a prophet, and a melancholy prophet too, sir, you are, and excuse me if I say a *false* prophet,—for we of the south, at least, will fearlessly meet the judgment you say is to fall upon the land," said the aforementioned Charlestonian.

"You talk of John Quincy Adams," observed a representative of one of the southern slave states;—"why that thick stumpy man is no more than a political intriguer, a *Yankee doctrinaire*, a regular truckler for office, who, if there were another war, would sell the Southern States to France and the whole North to England. No more if you please of the diplomatic John Quincy, who would govern the people only by deceiving them."

"Really, gentlemen," said a citizen of Albany, "this is depreciating Mr. Adams below all deserts. I am not of his politics, but the moral, sedate, circumspect, cautious, reserved, grave John Quincy Adams, is a good, and more, he is a great man, albeit (except about Texas and

abolition and nullification, in which he speaks just as I would, and *ergo* right) he is a *dry-rot politician*.*

“Calhoun is the *genooyne* for President,” said another from the south, “and Crawford for Vice. There be’es but one Calhoun and one Crawford in the Union; nor can you find such transcendent orators and statesmen, *upon* the whole universe.”

“Calhoun,” shouted a Cincinnati citizen, “the *gag-biller*† and nullifier,—a Polignac:—he has only one virtue, and that is that he hates Van Buren.”

* During the last contested election between Jackson and Adams, the licentious virulence of the public press, exhibited the most abominable and vulgar reciprocal abuse of the candidates. Among the least disgusting we have read—

“Andrew Jackson the base-born son of an English black-guard soldier, who had been *cat-o’-nined* once a week in the island of *no liberty*, and then ran off to the slave states, where he and a nigger woman, became the father and mother of old Hickory. Free citizens don’t ’tarnally disgrace yourselves by voting for him.”

From the papers which libelled Adams, we find the following as one of the least indecent; being a toast given at a great election dinner:

“Here’s John Quincy Adams, may he get sick on Sunday—grow worse on Monday—send for a doctor on Tuesday—die on Wednesday—be judged on Thursday—be d—d on Friday,—and sent to h—l on Saturday.”

If this be wit; let it for ever remain! *loco-foco* wit!—
EDITOR.

† Calhoun brought in the celebrated bill, providing for ex-

“ Mr. Calhoun,” said one of his admirers (a lawyer too), “ the Roscius of statesmen and of lawyers,—the Godwin of reasoners,—will bear down, by the *moral tempest* of his eloquence, all the barbarism and presumption of ignorance and injustice ; and Mr. Crawford,* who began by teaching the young idea how to *shout*, progressed regularly at the bar and in the senate, as a *diplomatist* and a statesman, until he has become the soundest-minded man, in these invincible states. He who has the transcendent high-birth gift of heaven, *mens sana in corpore sano*,—he, I say, should, and must be your chief magistrate.”

“ Crawford of Georgia,” replied an impatient spirit of a Rhode Island representative, “ is only to be held up to popularity, as the turbulent citizen of intrigue and corruption ; who made his embassy to France, and his secretaryship of the treasury, subservient to his own interests, I *wotes* for a tarnal obscuration to him.”

“ Now, gentlemen,” said General Squattfire amining the post-office mails passing through the slave states for all papers relating to slavery.

* Crawford began life, as many of the advocates of the United States have, in the character (very humble in that country) of a schoolmaster. He then became a lawyer ;—then in the not unusual course, a politician.

from Ohio, "I have been till now all close-jaw,
 and both ears and eyes broad awake,—and now
gouge me, if yees have not overjumped the only
 Pollytrechean,* who can 'tarnally knottyfy this
 everlasting great United States together—we've
 one most terribly shamefying crime agin us, in
 this here *kitchen kabinets* and *kongreases*: this
 is, as I guess, forgetting gratitude. Now you
 here doos, wot we never doos at *Sincinhaty*.†
 Yeer all *skrinkyfyng* for yeerselves, to git into
 place, power, and *glory*, and never but for to be
 forgetting gratitude. I *calculates* that's wy ye've
 not made president of *Henny Klay* of Kentucky,
 and then heelected *Kaladeen*‡ wot ud mad'n sich
 a managing man at the treasury. *Ganderpluck*
 and *turtlesnap me*, how gratitude's forgitted wid
 Pollytrecheans! or how wid *Klay* and *Kaladeen*,
 who so beated the British at *Kent*,§ and gitted
 the *Konfoundland Kods*,|| for them there un-
 gratefuble Down Easters, and such *lashuns* of
 millions of dollars, for them there *Buckskins*, more
 nor they wid sell for in *Chalstone kattle-market*,
 for a lot of old goodfurnutting niggers, that

* Query, Politician?—P. D. § Query, Ghent?—P. D.

† Query, Cincinnati?—P. D. || Newfoundland cod-fisheries

‡ Query, Clay and Galatin?—P. D. no doubt,—EDITOR.

rinned off to king *Heenglan's* ships. I am General *Squattfire*, and no snake, but will fight any man, with rifle or *halligater*, and I swears, Klay and Kaladeen are the mighty smart men for president and treasurer, and I have already made *pottery** of *klay*, and I will have all Tennessee and Kentucky vote him President, for,

“Let the result be wot it may,
The best among um's made of *Klay*.”

“Henry Clay,” said a sober representative from the Jerseys, “is indeed a most plausible, eloquent, fiery orator, but he, like John Quincy Adams, is a traitor and conspirator. When he was fourth on the election for President, did he not conspire with John Quincy to the end that, if he, Henry Clay, would retire, and let John Quincy in, that Quincy would make Clay secretary of state,—and then, my friends, you remember how all down east and far west, and up north and down south, cried scandal, and shame, and corruption. I am, for one, of a mind that the majority is not always in the right, but that the minority—that's the lawyers, are, as I have ever se'ed, *always right for themselves*.”

* *Query, Poetry ?—P. D.*

“ We, I calculate, have honest lawyers mongst us,” observed a precise and scholar-like gentleman from Massachusetts. “ Daniel Webster is, in himself, the representative of every virtue under heaven,—of every noble gift which God could bestow upon the human mind,—of every acquirement which can distinguish the great orator in eloquence, the honest senator in legislation, the perfect gentleman in society.

“ From the corruption which has been *honey-combing* our once immaculate constitution and government—from the infidelity sown in the land by the atheistical Jefferson—from the corruption, dishonesty, and venality, caused by the lust for office and power, and from the sinful thirst for filthy *lucre*, that drieth up the morality of the soil, consecrated by the footsteps of the pilgrim fathers, and hallowed by producing Washington, Franklin, and the bold *signers* of our glorious independence,—from the more than rottenness with which slavery has diseased the great republic, the election and re-election of Daniel Webster as President, can, my friends, alone save us.”

Selah Patch, an old pioneer settler from near

Fort Meigs, sprung from his repose on three chairs, and in a hollow screaming voice, spoke forth, "Squires, I swears *Tip*, that is, *Tippecanoe*, for shortness, is the hero for president ; I *wows* that General Harrison, whom we calls *Tip*, the conqueror of Fort Meigs, of *Tippecanoe*, who slayed Tecumseh, and crucified all the Britishers and the *Ingins*, has more glory nor Bonnypart, nor Vellington, nor old Hickory,—so I swears and will fight to the long bowy knife, till we make *Tip—Tip—Tip—Tippecanoe* president !"

"Now, gentlemen," said an honest farmer and innkeeper from Kennebec, "I do *rally* conclude that we have had much speechification and no conclusion, for we have in all this here states such a *raft* of terribly smart *Polytecheans*,* for to say all manner of scandalization on one side, and all manner of flatteryfication on t'other, that we'd not better progress wid any of the mighty folks we have not yet speechified about, and leave Mr. Biddle and Mr. Rives, and Mr. Legaré, and Mr. Duffey, and Mr. Binney, and Mr. Arthur Tappan, the *antiniggerist* (what the slave-states

* Probably politicians. If not poli-teachers, or teachers of all things.

offered such a terrible price for *lynching* or *cru-
cifying*, and whom old Hickory's bank-war has
just *bankrupted*) and just leave Mr. Forsyth,
and Chief Justice Tanny, and all dee oder hoeffi-
cials, 'cept the honestest patrioticalist citizen,
and bravest *ginral* in all this universal states; and
that is Major Jack Downing, of Downingville, and
commander of all the *meeleesher* of that 'er city.
He's the chap for a rale smart President, I says,
and all *down east* says so, and, as I guess, will
make him so too."

Honest Jack, who had been *whittling* a *stick**
to pass the time away, or listen, sprung on his
legs—marched up and down the drawing-room,
whistled "Yankee Doodle," and then spoke,
"No ! may I be first 'tarnally disposed in one
of the *gineral's* *pet* banks."

With this ended the Federal Hall drawing-
room debate, as to the merits and demerits of
those who had made pretensions to fill the office
of President.

* Whittling, or cutting, or chipping wood with a knife, is
considered so indispensable a stimulant for a New Englander,
that at Charleston they say it is necessary to provide a
Yankee, if you invite him to your house, with a shingle or
a piece of board, to prevent him whittling or chipping your
mahogany with his knife.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVI.

SALTING THE CATTLE.

“Mankind were created to be duped, and the ablest of men is he who can dupe all the rest.”—*Maxim of Talleyrand.*;

AMONG the many anecdotes which Playfair heard at Federal Hall, the following amused him as one of the characteristics of universal suffrage, liberty, bamboozling, and vote by ballot.

“John Cramer, of Saratoga, and Martin Van Buren were both members of the convention held some years ago for tinkering the constitution of New York state. They always sat side by side. One day John got up, and proposed a resolution extending the elective franchise ‘*to all creation;*’ enforcing it by a capital democratic speech about ‘*liberty—4th July—the light of reason—na-*

tional rights—man and nature—pure patriots of the revolution—stripes and stars—flashing fire—blood—brimstone—thunder—saltpetre—and glory.’ When John sat down and wiped his brow, Martin looked gravely at John; and then leaning towards him, said *whisperingly*, ‘John, don’t you think that resolution of yours is a *leetle* too democratic?—Don’t you think it going a *leetle* too far!’—‘Oh no,’ replied John, shaking his noddle solemnly,—‘oh no, not a bit too democratic—not a bit.’—‘Really I think it is,’ said Van Buren, ‘I do indeed.’—‘Lord bless you!’ replied John, ‘I don’t mean it to pass.’—‘Oh,’ rejoined Van, ‘*there* is a difference. But what do you mean it for?’—‘Nothing,’ replied John, ‘*but to salt the cattle for the fall elections.*’”

When Playfair first heard the term “*salting the cattle*,” the idea of *salt junk** was instantly conveyed with the expression; but as all coun-

* Salt junk, beef which has been salted so long as to be named, from its hardness or toughness, *junk* (a piece of old cable), by the sailors.—EDITOR.

tries have their sayings, why should not America have hers? So she has, and their growth in this soil is as rapid as that of vegetables on the *alluvions* of the Mississippi.

“Children,” observed Profundus, “are often told in England, with other ‘make-believes’ of the nursery and school education, which prepare them for telling fibs when young, and falsehoods when they grow up, that if they will only throw a little salt upon birds’ tails, the latter will submit to be caught.

“The birds, however, will not submit to have their tails salted, and consequently *will* not be so caught. They will not be *salted*, that is, duped, but human bipeds have always been, and for aught we can perceive, will continue to be *salted* or duped.

“The *swinish multitude*, in England,—the *finest pisantry* on earth, in Ireland,—and the *canny folks* of Scotland, are almost synonymous with ‘*the cattle*’ in Brother Jonathan’s country.

“When Wilkes wrote his political pamphlets, and made speeches in Westminster, he was then *salting the swinish multitude*.

“ When Sir Francis Burdett wrote in Cobbett’s Register, and pronounced the speeches which honoured him with an apartment in the Tower, he also was ‘ *salting the swinish multitude.*’

“ When, in the *prudence* of old age, the hoary baronet lately addressed to the electors of Westminster a tory speech, and when he at the same time declared that his principles were unchanged ; this was *attempting*, like the children to catch the birds, to *salt the swinish multitude for the baronet’s election.*

“ When Baron Brougham, as Mr. Brougham, addressed the men of Yorkshire, and declared solemnly that he had, in representing them in parliament, attained the highest eminence of honour, above which *his* ambition would never attempt to soar ; this was indeed *salting the swinish multitude.* He not only salted but larded them. To his palate, the electors were indeed good Yorkshire bacon.

“ When the *gentlemen of Liverpool*, at the time Mr. Canning was prime minister, gave Mr. Brougham ‘ a feed,’ as Cobbett termed it, and when Mr. Brougham, on alluding to the period

when he was a candidate for representing them—the *incorruptible freemen* of that borough,—and to his having been successfully opposed by Mr. Canning, said, ‘Gentlemen, the latter now holds the highest power under sovereignty, and I, *not in power*, am endeavouring with my *poor abilities*, to support him in power. Gentlemen, *power* in itself is not to be desired—the only power which a good man would desire, is that for which even an angel from the purity of heaven might condescend to visit this impure earth, and stoop over the ground to gather it up — that is, *the power to do good!*’ Was this not, with truly lawyerlike modesty, *salting the swinish multitude*, for the purpose of enabling Henry Brougham to attain the power he pretended to despise?

“When Harry of Exeter roars that ‘the church (that is the livings and bishops’ revenues) is in danger,’ and alarms all the evangelicals, with the ‘no popery’ cry; and the fearful spreading of socialism, this is the way which a churchman fond of power, *salts the swinish multitude* for elections, to uphold the state, merely because the church is spliced into the state.

“ When Daniel O’Connell thundered about *rapale*, when he made speeches at Clare, at Kerry, and at Dublin, when he denounced poor-rates,—when he got up a run upon the bank of Ireland,—when he opposed, and opposes any but voluntary maintenance for the catholic clergy,—when he exhorted the Catholics to deal with no tradespeople who did not vote for multiplying the joints of his tail,—and when he gathers his *rint*, and still roars *rapale*;—this has all been and is done *for*, and *by salting the finest pisantry in the world*.

“ When the Dundases extended all possible favours to the wise generation of the north,—when the Lords Melville made their annual visits to Edinburgh, and mounted to the garrets of ten-story-high houses in the odoriferous Cowgate and High-street, to show that they had not forgotten any of the old maids and widows of yore, and when they shook hands with all the magistracy and other *gude gentry* of Auld Reekie, this was merely *salting the canny folks of Scotland for the elections*.

“ When Sir Robert Peel, on being elected

Lord Rector, made an Etonian speech to the *booing* principal and professors, and to the expectant students of Glasgow University, and when he dined with and made a high-church speech to the bloated punch-drinking presbyterian descendants of the deacons and baillie Jarvis's of that ancient city;—in troth, that was a most ingenious way of salting the *weaving chieles*, and Demerara planters of *Glasgee*."

"With such notable examples before him," remarked Playfair, "why, indeed, should not Jonathan *salt the cattle for the fall elections*?"

"When Mr. Van Buren," continued Profundus, "accompanied General Jackson to the north on the '*grand tower*,' before the general became unpopular, and when Mr. Van Buren, made neat speeches at meetings, and said the most flattering things to the ladies, and went to the most puritanical places of worship, and never said one word against abolition; this was said to be the most *smart way in all creation*, for *salting the cattle for their fall elections*."

"When rational men countenance the hungry ghosts of preachers who rave at the revivals, and bring them home to smoking-hot suppers, this

is merely done by way of *salting the cattle for their fall election*.*

“When a representative from Maine, made lately a furious speech in Congress about British atrocity,—the boundary question,—and disputed territory and possession of what he said was one

* Some account of these extraordinary excitements will likely be told hereafter.

The proceedings and scurrility which precede elections, and the parade of the several parties are best illustrated by a few quotations from the American newspapers.

“LOG CABINS.—The whigs of Albany raised a *log cabin* last Saturday. The *Argus* says, there was no enthusiasm except what was raised by artificial means—*hard cider*, and *something harder still*. The whig papers contradict the *Argus*, and give an animated account of the proceedings.”

The *hard-cider drinkers*, are a class midway between the *old rum-drinkers* and teetotallers. *Log cabins*, or huts, are erected to show the republican principle in its rude simplicity instead of the luxury and refinement of cities and comfortable houses.—EDITOR.

“TAKING THE CENSUS.—A NEW AND IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN LOCO-FOCO TACTICS (or, as the Irishman said at New York, taking the *sinces* of the people).—Thus whilst the whigs are hurrabing and shouting, and swilling hard cider, and singing songs, and making fools of themselves, and disgusting quiet and decent people by their insane orgies and indecent desecration of the sabbath, and swelling and blowing themselves out until they are nearly ready to burst,—the Loco-focos, stealthily and quietly, each like a lean and hungry Cassius, are going about, taking the census, finding out exactly how the country stands, and how their party stands, and talking about banks, and prices, and corn, and labour, and monopolies, and instilling their peculiar

third of Maine, but which every impartial man will decide to belong to New Brunswick. This speech was just made to be printed in the *Washington Globe*, to salt all the cattle down east for the next fall election.

doctrines in their own way into the minds of thousands, and ascertaining all the strong and all the weak points alike of their friends and foes."—*New York Herald*.

"On Thursday," writes a correspondent from Saratoga, "the whigs (Harrison's party) issued a notice for a 'Tippecanoe meeting,' this was followed by another from the Loco-focos, for a 'jackass meeting,' probably meaning themselves. Preferring to attend the 'Tippecanoe,' I found myself at the place of meeting, a pine grove on the hill west of the village, with a sort of demi-pulpit, and a ladder leading up to it. There were some twelve hundred collected, of which a great part were loafers (swindlers), many soap-locks (slippery fellows), some pickpockets, about fifty women, and exactly seventeen ladies and a negress. After this meeting was organized, a Mr. Bradford was called for; he hustled and hustled his way to the rostrum, barking his shins on the ladder, and nearly toppling down on his nose in efforts to appear cool and unembarrassed.

"He commenced by an apology for his embarrassment, occasioned by the crowd of seventeen ladies, some women, and the negress, who composed the fair sex of the meeting; promised courtesy in his remarks, a determination to refrain from personalities, and a strict conformity to the subject, &c. This is the usual rant to gather steam. Consistent to his principles, he began by abusing the other party, and thumping a board placed before him to prevent his blows falling on the heads of the innocent democrats: said they were ashamed of their candidate, called themselves Jacksonmen,

“ Finally, all the ‘*whole-hog speeches*’ which appear in the countless *loco-foco*, and *log-cabin* newspapers, all the flattery, and all the licentiousness of the press, consist merely, of *salting the cattle for the fall elections*.

and raised hickory-trees, promising the people the good *fruits of the hickory if they would let it stand*; but, alas! keeping all the nuts themselves, and giving the whigs nothing but *hickory switchings*; he was overcome by the sad picture,—paused, drank a glass of *Congress-water*, and went on, *steaming away* in personalities, &c. ‘Rotation in office,’ said he. ‘This rotation in office is rotation from the parlour to the kitchen; is rotated from General Jackson to Mr. Van Buren; they have already named Thomas H. Benton as his successor; next to him in rotation is Amos Kendall; but lower than that it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive.” The audience began to feel sleepy. I felt the contagion I now and then heard above the snoring—*Catiline of America—little President—Kinderhook—cabbages—hard cider—Tippecanoe—spirit of ’76—striped snakes—ladies garters*, &c. He became medical and noisy; he said the prescriptions of the *Loco-foco* party were of the homœopathic order, aggravating the symptoms that the patient may get well; and came to the sage conclusion that the party would never die of a political dyspepsia, &c.”

“THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVOURS.—The democrats are chuckling over the avowal of Governor Troup, that he has no preference between the two great rival parties in the country. The Governor says: ‘I have pretty much the same confidence in both (democrats and whigs). *The one set have been already in office to steal and plunder: the other have yet to come.*’”

CHAPTER XVII.

CONGRESS.

“La volonté nationale est un des mots dont les intriguants de tous les temps, et les despots de tous les âges, ont les plus largement abusé.”

THE executive as well as the legislative bodies,—that is the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, are elected by the universal suffrage (negroes, coloured and white slaves not included) of the sovereign people. If the majority be right, that majority is indeed *eccentric* in its rectitude; for it elects a senate, as we have lately witnessed in direct variance with the executive, which a majority of the same people in its wisdom has thought fit to elect, and

a House of Representatives often contradictory to both.

“Are these elections,” asked Playfair, “the will, or do they arise from the sufferance, of the people? Or are the *unthinking many* cajoled by the *thinking*, or by the *designing few*?”

“I have no hesitation,” replied Profundus, “that the thinking, designing *few* will long continue, perhaps always, to lead and govern the many. But rest assured, that the more intelligent and prosperous the GOVERNED MANY become, the less will they, in all countries, be oppressed by the GOVERNING FEW.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

“ Lorsque vous entrez dans la salle des representatives à Washington, vous vous sentez frappé de l’aspect vulgaire de cette grande assemblée. L’œil cherche souvent en vain dans son sein un homme célèbre. Presque tous ses membres sont des personnages obscurs, dont le nom ne fournit aucune image à la pensée.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

“ HAD M. de Tocqueville,” observed Profundus, “ in his mind’s eye the Chamber of Deputies when he sketched the House of Representatives of the United States,—an assemblage which arrested him by its vulgar aspect, among whom the eye sought in vain for a celebrated man, because its members are obscure persons ?”

“ With great deference,” continued Profundus, “ to the many highly-gifted, learned, and

scientific men who represent the electoral colleges of France, who are certainly not 'obscure,' and whom 'their *grateful country* may justly delight to honour,' and with deference also to M. de Tocqueville himself, who is really a man of talent, although his perceptions may not be always clear, nor his conclusions sound, we do presume to say, that as far as the physical and moral aspect of the House of Representatives at Washington may be in question, it has as little meanness in the individuality of its *tout ensemble*, as the Chamber of Deputies, yea, or even the Chamber of Peers, at Paris. The *legislative book* of America looks, in fact, much more sterling in its appearance, but not so neatly trimmed and decorated in *its binding* as that of France. That is, the deputies are dressed uniformly in the neat fashion of Paris. The representatives of America, decently, if not fashionably attired.

"Now as to the ability, the fitness for legislation, although there are few, if any, MM. Thiers, Guizots, Berryers, or Barrots, and not one La Martine, in the House of Representatives, there are several Dupins and Laffittes, and tak-

ing the judgment of the whole as to any great question, we would trust more to its sober soundness where self did not, as in negro slavery, the wavering balance shake, than to the result of a division in the Chamber of Deputies, yea, or even to a division in the British House of Commons."

"What? The House of Commons!" exclaimed a well-dressed Englishman, just arrived from Canada, "Compare the Commons House of Parliament, the essence of England's wisdom, to an assemblage of democrats!"

"Yes!" said Profundus; "from what I witnessed a year ago in London, the British House of Commons is either the most incapable, or most disinclined house of business in the world. How so? Because instead of being a deliberative assemblage of impartial legislators, it is a *House of Parties*, commonly occupied in fighting for party interests, and not seldom in arguing vain theories, while the practical and really useful subjects of legislation are delayed from session to session.

"Now," continued Profundus, "although a very great proportion of the House of Representatives are honest farmers, militia colonels, and

sometimes a few innkeepers and handicraftsmen, and although there are too many of those *blotches* on all legislation, political lawyers and *cattle-salters* in the number, yet all matters of necessary usefulness are somehow or other got through with, before the session closes.

“ The House of Representatives has among its members several men gifted exactly with those business abilities, which would rank them high as legislators in any country.

“ John Quincy Adams the ex-president, and who has been also secretary of state, and minister at several European courts, and formerly professor of *belles lettres*, is by some styled altogether a literary man, and no statesman; by others a reserved *diplomate*, who believes to deceive is the way to govern;—others represent him as the best of men, who would never use his power like Jackson, to do harm; while his supposed federalism has been the cause of such opposition, or want of support, on the part of the democrats, as to prevent him from doing the great public good which the excellence of his heart dictated.

“ He is, in my opinion, an honest man,—and a clear-headed statesman :—a facility of comprehension, sound judgment, extensive knowledge, a polished mind, and persevering application, are the characteristics which are most remarkable in Mr. Adams. He has little imaginative power, and bases his ideas on experience, not on theory. As a speaker and man of business he reminds me very much of your Mr. Huskisson. He is a more learned man than the latter was, and speaks somewhat more floridly. In a country like England, where a statesman has, until perhaps now, had some chance of maintaining a high post as a public man, Mr. Adams would have risen, I think, above the position which Mr. Huskisson held. But in America, democracy and universal suffrage pull down, each fresh election, every man who may have spent his days and nights like Mr. Adams, in acquiring knowledge, from whatever position his abilities may have elevated him to or fitted him for.

“ Mr. Adams, who is as true a patriot as ever country gave birth to, is, at the same

time, by associations and by principles, sincerely attached to England. He is also fully convinced that the American republic is already too extensive to render it wise policy to possess more territory,—that the Americans should not covet, either part of the British colonies on the one side, or Texas on the other; and he lately delivered in the House of Representatives a most argumentative speech on the subject of the latter, accompanied by a resolution* which brought the dangers of that annexation, especially in respect to slavery, before the house.

“The annual and two-yearly elections usually sending the old members back to their respective solitudes, we suddenly miss those who have had some brief notoriety: Crawford is not now heard of; Binney a man of talent and a gentleman, is quiet in Pennsylvania; Maclean is sitting judging local disputes; Mac Duffie storms not in Congress about nulli-

* This resolution was—“Resolved, that the power of annexing the people of an independent foreign state to this Union, is not delegated to Congress, nor to the executive, nor to any department of the government, *but is reserved to the people.*”

fication, but Legaré, a much abler man, has just replaced him.

“There is a Mr. Pinkney in the legislature, but not the William Pinkney of Maryland, who was an orator and a man of genius by nature. There are, however, several talented men and good speakers in the house, and I have heard as much incorrect language, as much dull prosing as, and more nonsense in your House of Commons than, in the House of Representatives.

“True, some plain farmers* and other landholders do not usually speak according to syntax; but they seldom speak at all, leaving that to the *orators*; and when they do, it is merely to give their opinion. The *loco-foco*, the *whole hog*, the *nullifiers*, and the *slavery-supporters* form the violent sections of the representation.”

* All farmers properly so called in America are landed proprietors to an important extent, and such country innkeepers as are sent to the state legislature, are generally at the same time large farmers.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

“ Je ne connais pas de pays où il regne en général moins d'indépendance d'esprit et de véritable liberté de discussion, qu'en Amérique.

“ Parmi la foule immense qui, aux Etats Unis, se presse dans la carrière politique, j'ai vu bien peu d'hommes qui montrassent cette virile candeur—cette mâle indépendance de la pensée qui a souvent distingué les Américains dans les temps antérieurs, et qui, partout où on la trouve, forme le trait saillant des grands caractères.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

SEVERAL questions, especially those touching on the abolition of slavery, carry away the understanding of members, and occasion as much confusion and noise as may be witnessed in the House of Commons or the Chamber of Deputies. This had just occurred, on the occasion of Playfair and Profundus being present in the House of Representatives.

The district of Columbia, in which stands Washington, is a slave district; and Mr. Slade, of Vermont,—an honest representative and one of the principle orators, submitted a motion for the abolition of the slave-trade, and slavery in the state of Columbia, and for referring a petition on the subject to a select committee. He opened and exposed the whole horrible question with great eloquence and reasoning, and even contended that the Bible and the writings of the apostles proved the iniquity and abomination of slavery. He then referred to the most remarkable subsequent authorities, and to the glorious example of England. He quoted from Sterne, as follows:

“ ‘Nobody but a poor negro-girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to a cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.’

“ ‘ ’Tis a pretty picture,’ said my uncle Toby; ‘ she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learned mercy.’

“ ‘ She was good, an’ please your honour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that

poor slut that would melt a heart of stone," said Trim; 'and on some winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for they make a part of it.'

" 'Then do not forget, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

" 'A negro has a soul, and please your honour,' said the corporal doubtfully.

" 'I am not versed, corporal, in things of that kind,' quoth my uncle Toby; 'but I suppose God would not have left him *without one*, any more than *thee* or *me*.'

" 'It would be putting me sadly over the head of another,' quoth the corporal.

" 'It would be so,' said my uncle Toby.

" 'Why, then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?'

" 'I can give no reason,' said my uncle Toby—

" 'Only,' cried the corporal, shaking his head, 'because she has no one to stand up for her.'

“ ‘ ’Tis that very thing, Trim,’ quoth my uncle Toby, ‘ which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her; ’tis the fortune of war which has put the *whip* into our hands now—where it will be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, Trim, the brave will not use it unkindly.’

“ ‘ God forbid !’ said the corporal.

“ ‘ Amen !’ responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.”

Had a shell ready to burst been thrown across the Atlantic into the Capitol, from the *mortier monstre* of Antwerp, greater confusion could scarcely have arisen than before the conclusion of Mr. Slade’s speech.

The representatives of the slave states became violently excited, and threatened a separation of political interests between the northern and southern states. The following brief report—a specimen, too, of American writing—was drawn up for Playfair :

“ Mr. Legaré, of South Caroline, took the floor (by leave of Mr. Slade), and implored that gentleman to withhold his remarks for one

night at least, that he might have an opportunity to reflect on the consequences of his action. Mr. Legaré *indulged* a copious flood of remarks, mild, warm, yet persuasive in themselves, and calculated in an eminent degree to reach the hearts of all.

“ In the name of Almighty God,—in the name of our common country—in the united names of justice and mercy, in the name of all that is pure above and rational below—by all that is sacred and holy—by all that was dear to man, or worthy the adoration of angels, he begged, he implored, he conjured the gentleman from Vermont to abandon the speech he had commenced, and thus suffer peace to be restored to their beloved country.

“ Such a burst of passion, such a *storm* of eloquence never before escaped the lips of mortal man. St. Augustine at Rome, St. Paul in the pulpit, Brutus before the people, or Mark Antony in the market-place of the city of the Cæsars, in their proudest days, never appeared so imposing and attractive as did Mr. Legaré on

this occasion, and the eloquence of the man will never be erased from my memory.

“All had no effect on Mr. Slade, and he proceeded to discuss the subject of slavery.

“Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, implored him to desist as a man, and a lover of his country; but all was of no avail.

“Mr. Slade was calm and collected, refused to yield, and continued his remarks, adding to each sentence additional food for excitement. Mr. Wise, of Virginia, now interposed; he was cool and deliberate, but it was evident that he struggled to repress the tornado that convulsed him. He also was unsuccessful.

“Mr. Slade was firm. He had a duty to discharge, he said, to God, his country, and his constituents; and whilst life and breath lasted he would not yield.

“Again Mr. Wise rose, calm and dispassionate, and yet his wild and piercing eye and pallid countenance indicted a *fury of passion*. As the gentleman from Vermont would not forego his designs, and as the house had no

remedy, he, Mr. Wise, then proposed that the delegation from Virginia should withdraw from Congress.

“‘Agreed, agreed!’ responded fifty voices, and the delegation from Virginia quitted their seats.

“The delegation from Georgia and other states followed their example; and Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, rose and invited the whole southern delegation, to meet in the room of the committee of claims, to adopt such steps as the exigences of the case may demand, and to *consider the propriety of dissolving the Union.*

“Thus all was confusion, excitement, and alarm, at Washington. On the following night the southern members were in session until past twelve o’clock; and after a consultation of some hours, it was agreed that the principles of a report introduced two sessions back by Mr. Pinkney, with resolutions that accompanied that report, should be agreed upon as the terms of their return to Congress. The next morning,

therefore, the subjoined resolution was presented by Mr. Patton of Virginia :

“That all petitions and resolutions praying for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, and all memorials or resolutions in relation to slavery in the different states, should be *laid upon the table without reading!—without reference!!—without printing!!!* and without discussion!!!!

“After some discussion this resolution was carried, 135 to 60. Thus the south has been conciliated, and to all appearance the subject of slavery has been set at rest within the walls of the Capitol.” “But,” said Profundus, “at what price has this truce been purchased? Why, by the sacrifice, *pro tanto*, of the sacred right of petition—one of the noblest bulwarks of republican freedom. It is impossible that this restraint will be long or quietly submitted to by the northern members and their constituents.

“Mr. Cambreling* is perhaps one of the most

* Since then appointed United States minister at the court of St. Petersburg.—EDITOR.

talented and most systematic men of business in the house, especially in all matters of finance;—but a new member, Mr. Murray, of Kentucky, delivered lately one of the most able and clear speeches* on finance perhaps ever pronounced within the walls of the capital, concluding with the words of Burns,

“Mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
’Tis rarely right adjusted.”

“Now, Mr. Murray,” exclaimed Playfair, “in all conscience, apply the moral of these lines to yourself, when the *selfishness* of your constituents prevents you voting like an honest man, when slavery is attempted to be alluded to, in the representative legislation of a country and of a people pretending to be *free*; but the fallacy of which stands glaringly forth to your shame, before the world,—when not one of you

* It filled more than seven closely-printed columns of the *Washington Globe* (official paper), and larger than the *London Globe*.

dares speak the *truth* ; which, laying your hands on your breast, your conscience would dictate, but which your selfishness and fears repress.

“ Verily, in your boasted land of *liberty*, freedom of speech is a vain *fiction* ! ”

CHAPTER XX.

THE SENATE.

“ A deux pas de là s’ouvre la salle du sénat, dont l’étroite enceinte renferme une grande partie des célébrités de l’Amérique. A peine y aperçoit—ou un que ne rappelle l’idée d’une illustration récente. Ces sont d’éloquents avocats, des généraux distingués, d’habiles magistrats, ou des hommes d’états connus. Toutes les paroles qui s’échappent de cette assemblée feraient honneur aux plus grands débats Parlementaires de l’Europe.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

It is perfectly true that, taking the fifty-two senators as a body, they individually *have* more the *air* of well-bred intelligent gentlemen than the same number taken promiscuously out of the lower house. Probably they have as much so as fifty-two members taken by lot out of the

British house of peers, even if you include the Dukes of Argyle and Norfolk, and the Marquises of Londonderry, Bute, and Waterford.

“From what,” asked Playfair, “does this difference arise between the members of both houses of republican legislation?”

“Simply,” replied Profundus, “from two reasons,—the first is that each state, even that of New York, with two millions of inhabitants, being limited to sending no more than two members to the senate,—they elect the most highly-gifted men that *will consent* to be elected,—and secondly, from their being elected for four years instead of two years as the representatives are,—the senators have more legislative experience.

“A statesman also finds himself in a prouder situation in the senate than in the lower house;—and if a man’s head or heart be good for any thing, an eminent position should make him ambitious of justifying to the world, that he holds that position deservedly.

“M. de Tocqueville, like most Frenchmen, delights in the words ‘*généraux distingués.*’

The Americans themselves, as Major Downing says, are *tickled with glory*, and flattered by the expression, and I have no doubt that each military cadet at Crown Point, dreams of being a *distinguished general*, whenever a second rebellion in Canada,—the Boundary question,—or the misunderstanding with Mexico, *shall raise*, as they say, a *war*.

“ I know, however, of no distinguished generals in the Senate. With the exception of General Jackson, I think it will be difficult to prove that there is one in the whole republic. Not but that there are as many who would, by training and experience become such, as in any other country. But with the exception of a few skirmishes on the Canadian frontiers massacreing several bands of Indians since that period, and the late bushfighting in Texas, they have had no opportunity to earn this boasted reputation.

“ Now although there are no great warriors, there are several distinguished citizens in the senate.

“ J. C. Calhoun of Carolina, from seniority,

from his far-spread fame, from his persevering obstinacy in defending slavery, from his being a far more earnest *nullificator*, than Daniel O'Connell has proved *himself* to be a *repaler*, and from his being the constant political rival of Martin Van Buren, attracts primary attention.

“ He has in figure, speech, and intellectual expression, more resemblance to Daniel Whittle Harvey, than to any other public man I recollect in your parliament. I do not think that in other respects there is the least resemblance, except that both were bred lawyers, the one to practise as an attorney, the other as a barrister.

“ Calhoun has, besides, a metaphysical mind, a brilliancy of expression rare, and without the pomposity of, and attempt at rhetorical flourishing, so conspicuous, in American oratory.

“ He endeavours to astonish by his arguments, and, except in his intemperate advocacy of slavery, will fearlessly vote in opposition to his constituency : rare courage, indeed, in the United States. He was formerly secretary of

war, and he is now the greatest foe to *negro* liberty. This is deplorable, and he should be denounced for it. It withdraws from him all honourable merit, and all the virtues ; and he is still young enough to live to hear his name execrated by all that is good, generous, and great upon earth.

“The resolutions* which he recently pro-

* The first, second, and third resolutions declare, that on adopting the constitution, each state, on voluntarily entering into the Union, did so for mutual protection, against domestic as well as foreign dangers : each state at the same time reserving its separate independent administration, while the general government is bound to protect the domestic institutions of each state, without having the power of interfering with those institutions.

Resolution IV. declares, “ That domestic slavery, as it exists in the southern and western states of this Union, composes an important part of their domestic institutions, inherited from their ancestors, and existing at the adoption of the constitution, by which it is recognised as constituting an important element in the apportionment of powers among the states, and that no change of opinion or feeling, on the part of the other states of the Union, in relation to it, can justify them or their citizens in open and systematic attacks thereon, with the view to its overthrow ; and that all such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledge to protect and defend each other, given by the states respectively on entering into the constitutional compact which formed the Union ; and as such are a manifested breach of faith, and a violation of the most solemn obligations.”

posed, and which a majority of the senate were so wicked as to pass, will consign him, and that majority to ignominy, so long as history exists to record the cold-hearted monstrosity.

“Mr. Webster of Massachusetts is a man of really splendid talents, and, on most occasions, of sober judgment: I do not say that he ever *will* but he certainly *ought* to be President. How well such a man would serve as a British legislator!

“Henry Clay has something of the personal form without the statesman-like appearance of Mr. Poulett Thompson. Clay is from Kentucky, but has all the Yankee in his character, with the exception that the latter is only a defender of slavery when he becomes a

V. Resolved, “That the interference by the citizens of any of the states, with the view to the abolition of slavery in this district, is endangering the rights and security of the people of the district.”

And resolved, “That any attempt at Congress to abolish slavery in any territory of the United States in which it exists, would create serious alarm and just apprehension in the state sustaining that domestic institution, would be a violation of good faith to the inhabitants of any such territory, who have been permitted to settle with and hold slaves therein.”

slave-owner. Since the time he and the Genevise Galatin, bamboozled Frederick Robinson, Harry Goulburn, and Lord Castlereagh at Ghent,—Clay has pretended affection for England. Don't trust him! Depend rather upon Forsyth, who although also bred a lawyer has something of far more worth than is generally found in men so reared.

“Nearly all the members of Congress deserve a *meed* of approbation in every respect, but in that which will render those who are opposed to it for ever the scorn of good men, I mean the abolition of slavery. Ruggles of Maine, Hubbard of Maine, Swift and Prentis of Vermont, Webster and Davis of Massachusetts, Niles of Connecticut, Talmage of New York, Buchannan of Pennsylvania, (the latter an ultra-democrat,) Brown of North and Preston of South Carolina, W. R. King and Clay of Albania, Grundy of Tennessee, Smith of Indiana, Robinson of Illinois, and Lyon of Michigan, are all very shrewd, or, as the Americans say, *smart senators*.

“As to the debates in the senate, with the exception of that lately on the non-abolition question, justice requires us to speak with respectful admiration, both in regard to the eloquence of several members, and the decorous manners of the house. Occasionally, but rarely, sectional prejudice, and a little virulence—not in the spirit of your Brougham’s theatrical anger—is exhibited. I have heard Mr. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, a forcible speaker, commence, on replying to Daniel Webster, ‘Sir, the senator who has just spoken, is fully entitled to the character of a Yankee. He has avoided my inquiries by asking me questions.’

“Ladies, often gaily dressed, are admitted to hear the debates in both houses ; their appearance has, no doubt, much influence in maintaining decorous manners, and even in regard to oratory, animating the members to say the very best they can in the presence of the *fair*. But still the habit of spitting tobacco-juice, stretching legs over tables, and numerous

other nuisances, exemplifying *liberty*, not of noble and generous ideas, but of graceless acts and attitudes, are prevalent in both houses of Congress, and especially in the House of Representatives."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VALEDICTION.

“ Our land is threatened by the hostile foe,
But Jackson quickly turns aside the blow.
The *vanquish'd* Britons soon *retire* in shame,
Bearing dishonour back instead of fame.
Oh! then the victor hail with joy and praise,
Bright be his fame, and lengthened be his days,
Long may he live our gratitude to claim,
While future generations bless his name.”*

ON Playfair making inquiry as to the President going out of office and his successor coming in, Profundus replied—

* *Lines on the battle of New Orleans, written for the Washington Globe, by L. I. C. one of the Cincinnati poets.* The above wretched rhymes are perhaps of as high a standard, as in the general newspaper or ephemeral press, is called the *native poetry* of the United States. Bryants and a few others have written poetry. But generally those called poets, are jingling rhymers and political doggerelists, inferior to the puffers of Warren's Blacking. A New York paper states, that there are 5023 *poets* in the United States, 94 of which are in the state prisons, 511 in lunatic asylums, and 280 in debtors prisons.

“One of the most impressive ceremonies which I have witnessed in America, was that of Andrew Jackson yielding up his high stewardship, on retiring to private life as a Tennessee farmer, and of Martin Van Buren’s inauguration, as his successor to power.

“‘You see nothing here of the pomp of royalty, or of the pageantry of England,’ said a northern democrat to me.

“‘No,’ I replied, ‘that would be very inconsistent with republicanism. Yet I believe you would be led away by show, like most other people.’

“The day was remarkably fine, although snow covered the earth: crowds assembled along Pennsylvania Avenue, and on the *Capitoline* Hill, on which the marble Capitol stands.

“Artillery announced the approach, from the White House, of the ex-president and President elect, in a polished carriage made of the oak of the Constitution Frigate, and presented to Jackson by the citizens of New York, *who now*—alas, popularity!—would *lynch him*—on the anniversary of Washington’s birthday. They

were escorted by a troop of horse. (This was not quite democratic, thought I.) The foreign ministers in their uniforms were all in attendance; they produced a striking effect among the republican assemblage.

“‘These pompous *gauds* of Gothic gone-by days,’ said a newspaper editor near me, on perceiving the *entrée* of the *corps diplomatique*, ‘that show of cloth and gold, of blue and lace, what are they to our republican senators, in their plain *gentlemanly* dresses?’—‘Talent alone shines forth to distinguish our public men,’ observed a person with rather a threadbare coat and who looked like a *reporter*.

“‘Here comes the immortal Calhoun,’ said one.—‘There sits the mighty Webster, with his ponderous brow, and *eminent* forehead,’ said another.—‘Look, yonder stands the great Henry Clay,’ said a third.—‘Here comes famous Buchanan, and that smart orator Burton.’

“‘There’s Grundy, and Rives, and Hubbard, and Swift, and they are all *smart men*.’

“‘Oh! what a handsome *huniform*.’—‘Who

is he?'—'Fudge!' answered a genuine democrat, 'that is the Prussian minister,—and that the British,—and that the French,—and those others in dazzling clothes are the rest of the foreign ministers; not one among *hall of hem* celebrated as men, only *distinguishable* by their dresses.'

"General Jackson, looking more than usually emaciated, appeared to me of more interest than all besides; not that I thoroughly admired his administrative career, but from its being, as it were, the departure from the world of a man who certainly acted a great part in directing and controlling human affairs. My early feelings of reading Robertson's interesting account of the dark intolerant Charles V., were in some degree revived, with the difference, that I have long since learned to estimate the greatness of such men as Charles, upon a scale very far below the altitude which that recorder of falsehoods, history, assigns to conquerors and despots.

"The ex-president and President-elect entered together, attended by the senators and

committee of arrangements. General Jackson then, on taking farewell of the government and of the senate, said

“ ‘Fellow-citizens,—Being about to retire finally from public life, I beg leave to offer you my grateful thanks for the many proofs of kindness and confidence which I have received at your hands. It has been my fortune, in the discharge of my public duties, civil and military, frequently to have found myself in difficult and trying situations, where prompt decision and energetic action were necessary, and where the interests of the country required that high responsibilities should be fearlessly encountered; and it is with the deepest emotions of gratitude that I acknowledge the continued and unbroken confidence with which you have sustained me in every trial. My public life has been a long one, and I cannot hope that it has at all times been free from errors; but I have the consolation of knowing that, if mistakes have been committed, they have not seriously injured the country I so anxiously endeavoured to serve; and at the moment when I surrender

my last public trust, I leave this great people prosperous and happy, in the full enjoyment of liberty and peace, and honoured and respected by every nation of the world.

“ ‘The time has now come when advanced age and a broken frame warn me to retire from public concerns ; but the recollection of the many favours you have bestowed on me is engraven upon my heart, and I have felt that I could not part from your service without making this public acknowledgment of the gratitude I owe you. And if I use the occasion to offer you the counsels of age and experience, you will, I trust, receive them with the same indulgent kindness which you have so often extended to me ; and will, at least, see in them an earnest desire to perpetuate in this favoured land the blessings of liberty and equal laws.

“ ‘We have now lived almost fifty years under the constitution framed by the sages and patriots of the revolution. The conflicts in which the nations of Europe were engaged during a great part of this period, the spirit in which they waged war against each other, and

our intimate commercial connexions with every part of the civilized world, rendered it a time of much difficulty for the government of the United States. We owe, under Providence, our blessings and cheering prospects to the adoption of the federal constitution. At every hazard, and by every sacrifice, this Union must be preserved.'

"The father of his country in his farewell address, told us, 'That while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavour to weaken its bonds;' and he has cautioned us, in the strongest terms, against the formation of parties, on geographical discriminations, as one of the means which might disturb our Union, and to which designing men would be likely to resort.

"The lessons contained in this invaluable legacy of Washington to his countrymen should be cherished in the heart of every citizen to the latest generation:

" 'Rest assured that the men found busy in

the work of discord are not worthy of your confidence, and deserve your strongest disapprobation. Such men would convert legislation of Congress into a scramble for personal and sectional advantages.

““ In presenting to you, my fellow-citizens, these parting counsels, I have devoted the last hours of my public life to warn you of those dangers.

““ You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad. It is from within, among yourselves, from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition, and inordinate thirst for power that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have specially to guard yourselves. You have the highest of human trusts committed to your care. Providence has showered upon this favoured land blessings without number,—and has chosen you as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, make you worthy of the favours he

has bestowed, and enable you with pure hearts, and pure hands, and sleepless vigilance, to guard and defend to the end of time the great charge he has committed to your keeping.

“‘My own race is nearly run; advanced age and failing health warn me that before long I must pass beyond the reach of human events, and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son: and filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I bid you a last and affectionate farewell.’”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE INAUGURATION.

“ Resolved: — That Martin Van Buren is the *worthy successor* of his illustrious *predecessor*; that his public conduct and recorded opinions correspond with the doctrines maintained by the *democratic* party during the administrations of Jefferson and Jackson.”—*One of the resolutions of the citizens of Washington, County Pennsylvania.*

“THE new President,” continued Profundus, “was led to the chair by Mr. Senator Grundy, and after shaking hands with the foreign ministers and bowing to the ladies, senators, representatives, and others, the oath of inauguration was administered to him by the Chief Justice of the United States, after which Mr. Van Buren came forward, and said,

“ ‘ Fellow-citizens,—The practice of my predecessors imposes on me an obligation I cheerfully fulfil, to accompany the first and most solemn act of my public trust, with an avowal of the principles that will guide me in performing it, and an expression of my feelings on assuming a charge so responsible and vast. In imitating their example, I tread in the footsteps of illustrious men, whose superiors, it is our happiness to believe, are not found in the executive calendar of any country.

“ ‘ Unlike all who have preceded me, the revolution that gave us existence as a nation was achieved at the period of my birth, and whilst I contemplate with grateful reverence that memorable event, I feel that I belong to a later age, and that I may not expect my countrymen to weigh my actions with the same kind and partial hand.

“ ‘ In justly balancing the powers of the federal and state authorities, difficulties nearly insurmountable arose at the outset, and subsequent collisions were inevitable. From time to time embarrassments have certainly oc-

curred; but how just is the confidence of future safety imparted by the knowledge that each in succession has been happily removed.

“ ‘ *The last, perhaps the greatest, of the prominent sources of discord and disaster, supposed to lurk in our political condition, was the institution of domestic slavery. Our forefathers were deeply impressed with the delicacy of this subject, and they treated it with a forbearance so evidently wise, that in spite of every sinister foreboding it never, until the present period, disturbed the tranquillity of our common country.*

“ ‘ *Perceiving before my election the deep interest this subject was beginning to excite, I believed it a solemn duty fully to make known my sentiments in regard to it. I then declared, that if the desire of those of my countrymen who were favourable to my election was gratified, ‘ I must go into the Presidential chair the INFLEXIBLE and UNCOMPROMISING OPPONENT of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish slavery in the district of Columbia, against the wishes of the slave-holding states; and also with a determination equally decided to resist the*

slightest interference with it in the states where it exists.' It now only remains for me to add, that no bill conflicting with those views can ever receive my constitutional sanction.'"

"I am disgusted, there is more freedom in Siberia than in republican America!" exclaimed Playfair. "But not the same licentiousness in political and party spirit, to which, in the free and United States, is given the name of LIBERTY."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAJORITY NOT ALWAYS IN THE RIGHT.

"Virtue, my dear uncle, is a female ; as long as she is private property she is excellent ; but public virtue, like any other public lady, is a common prostitute."—MALTRAVERS.

"It was this mixture of deep love and profound respect for the eternal PEOPLE, and of calm, passionless disdain for that capricious charlatan, the MOMENTARY PUBLIC, which made Ernest Maltravers an original and solitary thinker."—*Ibid.*

"I BEGIN to doubt that the majority are always in the right," observed Playfair.

"If the majority are always in the right," replied Profundus, "Mr. Van Buren would not be suffered to have used the language which I have quoted, nor would slavery exist at all in the United States.

“ If the majority were always in the right, Jackson would not have been so generally idolized at one period, and also re-elected, and since then so generally denounced by a majority of the Union influenced by crafty men ; although he was to the last rigidly unchangeable in administering the government according to the line of policy he commenced during his first presidency.

“ If the majority were always right, the scenes and resolutions which have lately disgraced the Congress, would never have existed to have been recorded as a testimony of dishonour against the *majority* of senators and representatives.

“ In fact, the very great majority—that is, the public, is just as likely to be in the wrong as in the right. The *mass* in all countries is too incessantly employed in laborious or other pursuits, to study the laws or the principles of government, or the theories of political economy.

“ The *great many* are, and will be, in all countries governed in their ideas of men and

things by the *ingenious—talented—honest—or dishonest few*. That is, so long as the people are not severely oppressed by those who govern, and so long as no violent injustice is inflicted upon them.

“Therefore, if suffrage be universal, the greater is the probability of the majority being in the wrong—that is, they will be led away by the cajolery of political adventurers, expert in arts and intrigues, which virtuous statesmen never would in their high sense of moral honour condescend to practise.

“Universal suffrage in the United States, is far from being understood in England.

“Nearly every man who has the elective franchise, in America, is possessed of a far higher qualification than your ten-pound voters in England. Every American elector is also far better instructed. He has ample means of living. In nineteen cases out of twenty he is a landed proprietor, and, in fact, should be an independent man.

“There are poor dependent men, it is true, in America, but they are seldom electors. I

do not allude to the four and a half millions of black, coloured, and white slaves of the eighteen millions of population. The non-qualified poor inhabitants I mean, are emigrants: poor Irish, Scotch, English, Alsacians, Swiss, and Germans, who have not been residents sufficiently long to be naturalized.

“Before the time arrives when they are entitled by law to become United States citizens, it is rare indeed that they are not far more independent, and better instructed than nearly all your ten-pound voters.

“Now, even with all these advantages in favour of universal suffrage in the United States, I have already witnessed at the elections which agitate the country annually, so much cajolery, and the people so completely duped,—especially by lawyers,—that I am persuaded that in the United Kingdom *universal suffrage* would prove *universal anarchy*.

“The great argument of those who advocate the ballot is, that the voters, whether agriculturalists, tradespeople, or shopkeepers, are at present intimidated or allured to vote against

their convictions—that is, tenants are compelled to vote agreeably to the command of their landlords,—tradespeople to the wish of those who employ them,—and shopkeepers to the desire of their customers: and, to crown all, that the open vote is bought with money.

“Now I most willingly admit all this to be the case, and that both whigs and tories are, every election, guilty of profligate corruption. I belong to no party. To my country and the public weal generally am I attached, in my ideas of legislative government. I judge accordingly.

“Now fancy universal suffrage in Great Britain and Ireland! Why, you would have a parliament in which the majority would always be in the wrong: for this majority would include a multitude of jobbers, of town and country attorneys, with perhaps twenty or thirty bankers, to whom the shopkeepers and tradespeople might be under greater obligations than to the *majority* of their customers.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOVERNING TOO MUCH.

“ Ce qui frappe le plus l'Européen qui parcourt les Etats-Unis, c'est l'absence de ce qu'on appelle chez nous *le gouvernement*. ”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

As far as the representative power represents *its rays* and strength over the country in the persons of *employés*, there is no country on earth, except England, where the traveller observes so little of the apparatus of the existence of government as in the United States.

The moment you enter *La belle France*, which has made two *glorious* (bloody) revolutions for equal rights and liberty, you are welcomed by green-uniformed and armed *douaniers*, *gendarmes*, and policemen, who will not allow you

to step on the pier until you deliver "*votre passeport*," and then march you between an avenue of chains, to be searched, and compared with a description of your person in the licence given you to travel,—all which remind you of the apparatus of government. In every state of Christian Europe, except England, the same restraint on liberty and locomotion is ever present. Here I must not omit to say, that the Turk is more generous, and has courage to exist without displaying much of the appearance of the continental apparatus of government.

In England, with the exception of a few guardians of the revenue, nothing represents to you the presence of government.

Land at Liverpool—you see all tranquil, all moving orderly—no policemen, unless it be a town-watch at night—nothing to tell you there is a government—no soldiers—no gendarmes; no! not all the way to London.* Nobody asks you officially "What is your name?"—no query ever put which corresponds with "*Monsieur, votre passeport!*"

* Excepting the New Police.—EDITOR.

Pay your expenses, assault nobody, steal nothing, smash nothing, go where you will, say what you please, no one can or will retard, or no law can punish you for your opinions.

This is exactly the case in America, with the exception—which even Austria has now almost become ashamed of—that you cannot speak out, and that you cannot travel with impunity on Sundays. No ! the *free* and *United States of America* still groan under the *disgraceful bondage of concealing thought*.

In the United States there is too much legislation, and as far as the executive is in question, governing too *little*, than *governing too much*.—The mob, however, when it pleases, governs supreme, and judge Lynch's sentences are carried into summary execution.

If ever a President has governed too much, it has been Andrew Jackson, in regard to finances and the bank : yet he was the President of the *majority*, which the democrats say must ever be in the *right*.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROFESSIONS.

“ In the mean time, to pass her time away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday-school.”

THE man who in the United States enters upon a profession, either for subsistence, or, which is rarely, for fame, enters upon a course of care and servility—upon a life in which there is little repose. If he be a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher, or a schoolmaster, he must be ever and anon watchful not to *commit himself*; he must practise the hearts that will secure him the *idolatry of public opinion*.

Professions are wretchedly paid. All wages or fees are estimated by the American public on a sort of labour scale, which measures the reward according to the time required for attendance and work from, not by the skill, learning, or ability of, the professional man.

The profit of the merchant, and of the speculating dollar-hunters of every caste, is quite different, from its depending upon markets, good fortune, or *taking in*.*

The fact is, that from there being so little real preparatory learning and scientific knowledge required on entering upon the learned professions in America, they rank so much lower than in Europe (Austria, Spain, Bavaria, and some Italian states perhaps excepted), that they are generally followed only from necessity.

The fees being small, the lawyers encourage

* We have heard very *professed religious* men in the United States say, that cheating was an unpardonable sin, but that overreaching, or taking in, as the Americans term it, "making a smart bargain,"—was all fair play.

litigation, wrong or right. If they can make smart *speeches*, and acquire the art of cajoling the people, they become, chiefly with a view to office, politicians.

That there are many honourable men among the lawyers of America, as well as among all other classes, we bear willing testimony: but the instability of office, and their utter dependence upon the idolatry of public opinion, or what is generally the same, public prejudice, impel lawyers, almost by necessity, to practise the arts of cajolery.

If they become judges, their wretched salaries render them dependent, and too often do they in consequence relax the soundness of their judgments. They have also to direct, for subsistence, their time to other pursuits than their official duties.

Intellect is said to be revered in the United States: it certainly is so by a kind of popularity. But I deny that intellect is rewarded.

All lawyers, to *get ahead*, must be party men; that is, federal, *Loco-foco*, or democrat,

—or *Log-cabin*, or other *voting watch-word* party name.

The preacher, to succeed, must not attempt to teach, he must know his congregation, and their opinions;—and then he must damn or save them accordingly. If he has address, and be a young man, he may marry a rich wife. If the parents—which is rare—will not consent to the marriage, or refuse to give him the same fortune they would if she married a man *they* approved of, he must not run off with her,—he must *seduce her*, and then the parents, to hide her shame, and to prevent the family being subjected to *public calumny*, will immediately on his marrying her give him her fortune.

He may then speculate and build a church, or form a joint stock company to build one on a large scale, and suit his creed to that of the most numerous congregation; or he may, as is often the case, change his profession, become a merchant, or land speculator, and go south and buy a plantation well stocked with thriving negroes.

The schoolmaster, who is still more wretch-

edly paid, and generally more scantily plished with learning, and receiving no presents for birching his scholars, as the preacher does for damning his congregation, becomes a teacher from sheer necessity,—being probably too lazy for manual labour, and from having not succeeded in getting the situation of a merchant's clerk, or of a grocer's shop-boy.

Teaching the young idea how to *shout*, is not very far from it,—the object of his vocation. He is probably teaching himself law at the same time,—or making himself acquainted with the art of bookkeeping, or shopkeeping, as he also is determined to change his profession for a more money-making, or more popular one.

The doctor is very likely a quack, and he quacks—quacks—quacks,—not only the real, but the imaginary sick, of this district, or town, or settlement, until he pockets money to set up a druggist's shop,—speculate in land,—forsake his profession,—become editor of a paper,—a politician,—and be, in order to be got rid of, perhaps, sent on a foreign mission. Such things do happen.

Such is the general rule as to professions in America: there are exceptions, and those worthy of high distinction in any country. Their honour and distinction, however, they owe entirely to themselves, aided probably by being enabled to eat their daily bread, independently of the idolatry of that *charlatan the capricious public*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATROCITY MEN.

“Occasionally, it is true, the ardour of public sentiment, out-running the regular progress of the judicial tribunals, or seeking to reach cases not denounced as criminal by the existing law, has displayed itself in a manner calculated to give pain to the friends of free government, and to encourage the hopes of those who wish for its overthrow.”—*Mr. Van Buren’s Message to Congress.*

EPITHETS, if they have truth and point, frequently like satire correct *immorals*, by making the culpable ashamed of themselves.

The *atrocidity men* are numerous in all countries. The whole gang of *Swing* in England,—the secret associations of weavers, and others in Scotland and elsewhere,—the *Captain Rock’s* men of Ireland, the *Fieschi-fraternity* of France,

and *Junge Deutschland* in Germany,—are all formed of *atrocit̃y men*.

In republic America—"the *unique* land of liberty"—the shades of *atrocit̃y men* are numerous, and commit their crimes in defiance of all authority.

The select men of Boston, who countenanced the destruction of the Ursuline convent,—and the jury and all others concerned in not punishing the violators of private rights and property, were, as well as the actual *destructives*, ATROCITY MEN.

The prudent committee of the church at Boston, who robbed a slightly-coloured citizen of his pew, were also ATROCITY MEN.

The *freemasons* who destroyed the printing-office, with the edition of Morgan's work exposing masonry, and who conveyed that unfortunate man off to the Canadian frontier, imprisoned him for two days in the Fort of Niagara,—and then, after the design to murder him was made known to numerous persons, carried him out into the middle of the river, tied a stone round his neck, and threw him into the vortex

of the St. Lawrence,—the sheriffs who would not commit,—the jury who would not convict,—and the members of the lodges who subscribed money to maintain and protect the murderers,—and all privy to the murder of Morgan, were, all the world will say, ATROCITY MEN.

The *most respectable men* of St. Louis who lately directed and witnessed the burning alive on a slow fire a coloured man in that city, and all other “most respectable men” who have been privy to such horrible deeds, are, no one in Europe will deny, ATROCITY MEN.

The anti-abolition riots, so frequent over the Union, are all instigated and committed by ATROCITY MEN.

The *savage gentlemen* of Hillsborough,* who sat in *Lynch's committee*, knowing what the *Lynchers* would execute, and “advised that Kitchell” (an itinerant preacher of unblemished character) “should be rode round the town on a bare rail, with a band of all kinds of music

* Query, Hell's-borough.—P. D.

playing the Rogue's March," and who, as well as all concerned, saw poor Kitchell stripped, tarred, and feathered, and then carried him astride on a pole twice round the town, to the yelling discordancy of the *Calithumpian band*, were indeed ATROCITY MEN.*

* Very lately Mr. Lovejoy, who published a paper, the *Observer*, at Alten, Illinois, the office and types of which had been destroyed, attempted to re-establish his periodical. The respectable mob of the town assembled, set fire to the warehouse which contained his press, shot a man named Bishop who defended it, wounded two others, and then shot the proprietor, Mr. Lovejoy:—none has been or will be punished for *this atrocity*.

The very boys have in many parts become *Lynchers*, who terrify judges and prosecutors. At the Nicholas County Court, last August, a man named Smith, who savagely murdered another called Brown, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The citizens cried, "What a tarnation cruel judgment!" and Judge Brown then thought it prudent to admit the man to bail, himself in one hundred dollars, and two others in one hundred dollars each. Even this was judged by the *sovereign people* too severe, and as the judge and attorney-general were returning from the court-house to the tavern where they lodged, the boys of the town were *set* at them, at first, much in the same way as *yelping curs* of themselves set at a ragged beggar. A fire-engine having been in some way procured, and replenished with water from a sewer, the boys played the stinking fluid so effectually on the judge and attorney-general of the *commonwealth*, that they were

Those who burnt the mails supposed to convey anti-slavery letters and papers, and the *Lynchers* who so frequently hang wayfarers and negroes, and the *assassins* at New Orleans, are surely ATROCITY MEN.

Nearly all who fight duels, or instigate others to fight duels in the United States, do so under such criminal circumstances, that they are *murderers* as well as ATROCITY MEN.

All those representatives who, regardless of suffering humanity,—whether it be cruelty to slaves, or freed negroes, or to the red man of the woods by all kinds of injustice and cruelty and lately hunting with bloodhounds,—vote and speak from personal interest, or merely to *salt*

completely drenched before they secured shelter within the tavern.

In the southern and western states, murders and murderous deeds are frequent at public meetings, and on the most frivolous pretences. Lately, at a meeting held at Shell point, Florida, a quarrel arose: a Mr. Mason was wounded by being run through the abdomen with a large knife,—a Mr. Gleason was shot dead,—and several wounded by gun or pistol shots, or by Spanish knives. No prosecution has followed.

Several men have not long since been hanged at Vicksbury for playing cards.

the cattle for the fall elections, will, I believe, be very generally esteemed as ATROCITY MEN. What a fearful outline ! The detail would be terrific.*

* LYNCH LAW.—On Wednesday night, the 12th instant, a disgraceful outrage was perpetrated in this town. Sundry persons were engaged in firing salutes and rockets, in honour of the late Whig victory in this state. About nine o'clock a negro happened to pass along, having on a woman's frock, the sleeves of which were tied about his waist, and an old bonnet on his head. The crowd, supposing the negro designed to insult them, by bringing to remembrance the petticoat affair of Harrison and the ladies of Chillicothe, proceeded to inflict on him summary punishment. Many persons fell upon him, and after he was knocked down, one individual, placing his hands upon the shoulders of two others who stood each side of the prostrate victim, jumped up and down, striking the negro's stomach with his feet in the most violent manner. The negro was then taken into a neighbouring building, where he was *tortured* with great severity for about two hours. After suffering the infliction of from 500 to 800 lashes, he was at midnight turned out into the street stark naked. He staggered a short distance and fell, nearly dead, in an alley leading from Main to Locust-street. He was discovered by some persons, by whom he was carried home. It seems that the negro had no intention whatever to insult those who lynched him. He had been seen during the afternoon in the same habiliments he had on in the evening ; and there is no doubt he had put them on in mere sport, to carry out a spree of his own, without the most distant idea of political ridicule.—*Evansville (Indiana) Sentinel*, Aug. 21, 1840.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATROCITIES IN THE FLORIDAS.

DURING the residence of Playfair in Washington, the accounts received, from Georgia and Florida, of the atrocities committed in the sanguinary war which has been carried on for some years, in order to drive across the Mississippi, or to exterminate the aborigines.

As to the question of right to the soil, no rational, impartial, and unbiassed human being will deny that right to the red man. The declaration once made of heathen and Christian right for the latter to seize, forcibly, or by deceit, upon land which the former have possessed and inhabited, must now be considered a fraudulent

absurdity. Yet this diabolical doctrine was made the pretence of right to the countries of the heathens on being discovered and seized upon by Christians.

We find in the annals of Massachusetts, the puritans justify their taking possession of the lands of the red man, by the following resolutions, solemnly passed in a deliberate assembly. They

“ Resolved, That the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.

“ Resolved, That the Lord hath given the earth to his people.

“ Resolved, That we the Christians of Massachusetts, are the people of the Lord.”

So did not William Penn act towards the red man. The country which the Indians have, and a few of them still inhabit in Florida, has been theirs by the right of immemorial occupancy: this right was the bounteous gift of Heaven, which no Christian, Jew, or Pagan, had a right to question, take, or withhold from the red man.

General Jackson first gained military dis-

inction and *glory* against these Indians. He afterwards endeavoured to ameliorate their condition by removing them, at the expense of government, west of the Mississippi. Some of the tribes accepted the terms and emigrated to the lands appropriated to their use; but the greater number, those who had been the least enfeebled by their contact with Europeans, refused to move from the land in which their fathers' bones were buried.

It was in consequence resolved upon by the government that they should be forced out of the Floridas. A sanguinary war, still continued—murders and massacres, committed on both sides, have been the attendant atrocities.

The diabolical idea of introducing bloodhounds from Cuba was at last adopted by the white savages. "We are glad," says an American newspaper, "that Spaniards, and not United States citizens are to be employed to set the bloodhounds on the scent to hunt the Indians." One person writes from Florida, "Yesterday, an old Indian warrior chief was let loose from prison; believing he had got

his liberty, he ran off, a bloodhound was turned loose in his track, but the beast didn't take—he would no more *trail* than a red heifer."

Such atrocities and slavery in the south and west are melancholy considerations as to the social prospects of those countries.

The Session of Congress having broken up, Washington became again a monotonous thinly-peopled town, and Playfair and the Major travelled northwards.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARGES.

“To be or not to be,—that’s the question.”

“PLAYFAIR and the Major returned to New York, having taken leave with grateful respect and friendship of Profundus; who, having succeeded to a castle and estate in Germany by the death of a near relative, an old unmarried baron; he determined on returning and settling in the land of his ancestors; with the understanding however, on parting, that our travellers should each arrange on a future and not *far distant* day, to meet in some part of Europe.

Little more than the usual incidents of travelling occurred on Playfair’s and the Major’s

route, by steam-boats and railroads, to New York. Indeed, so rapidly did they travel on this occasion, that except when on board one or other of the bay or river steam-boats, they had scarcely time to eat or to sleep.

Their fellow-travellers, many of them returning from Congress, talked of great and little things at Washington,—of the approaching elections,—contests for the presidency between Van Buren and Harrison,—the 4th of July,—transatlantic steam-boats, the Great Western, British Queen, the President,—and the great new British line between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston.

Playfair and the Major lodged at their old quarters in Liberty Hall: in which the former managed to obtain possession of the same bed-chamber,—and sitting-room, or “*snuggery*” as the major named it. The latter also secured a single-bedded room on the same floor.

Liberty Hall dining-room presented much the same aspect of haste and demolition as formerly.

The withdrawing-room, however, was neither

graced by the same fair ladies, nor occupied by the same resident gentlemen-boarders who formed, on the previous year, the exception to the neck-or-nothing dinner devouring, and dollar-hunting lodgers.

Miss Rennet had become so far reconciled to her fate on inheriting by the death of a brother (drowned on his schooner upsetting by a white squall near Cape Cod) about thirty thousand dollars, that she had gone to *bathe* among the high rolling surges of the Atlantic at Longbranch, New Jersey,* previously to her intended visit to Saratoga, in her still persevering search for a husband. The two young and handsome ladies, victims of the counterfeit count, had become mothers. Two Far Westers who were progressing fast in Michigan, advertised in the newspapers for wives, stating in the said advertisements, their age, condition

* The coast at Longbranch is abrupt, and the surges of the Atlantic roll in so high, that a man, and not a woman attends and holds the female bathers. This cannot well be avoided, and if it *were*, the custom is less indelicate than the promiscuous bathing at Bath in England, and at many places on the continent of Europe.—EDITOR.

and prospects in Michigan, and what they had to offer any young healthy woman *passably* handsome, and fit and willing to take charge of a house, and other wife-like affairs, and also likely to bear children. No objection was made to widows, if not more than twenty-five years of age, or, if thirty, to bring with them at least two or three children : a large family being considered riches instead of a burden to parents in Michigan. Such marriages are frequent in the new countries of the west ; and as usually prove happy, and form the origin of very thriving families.

The advertised proposals were pointed out to the young mothers, who instantly applied, stating their views and real position. The next post brought each a favourable reply, and also money to pay their expenses to Michigan, for which they departed by the first steam-boat up the Hudson, crossed the country to Lake Erie, and in a few days after leaving New York, joined their affianced husbands, who received them kindly, and in less than an hour, a justice of peace joined them in the holy bonds of wedlock.

In that region, no doubt, they will become useful in the best mission of woman, as exemplary wives and tender mothers, instead of leading an insipid life, spent chiefly on a boarding-room sofa, and exposed to the seductions of any perfidious adventurer, who might arrive and infest New York.

Of those we have introduced, the amiable governess and the Canadian merchant had wedded,—and, “blithely as the lightsome lamb which plays on bonnie flowering lea,” did she proceed with her husband to Montreal.

But two others had disappeared in a far different manner. Captain Armstrong who had fulfilled his period of services at Brooklyn, and arranged all his affairs with the naval board at Washington, returned to New York, and previous to journeying to mend his constitution at Saratoga, occupied lodgings for a few weeks at “Liberty Hall.” Here he met Doubloon Jack whom he recognised as the treacherous agent in whose hands he had placed the two thousand pounds to be sent to his beloved Agnes, and who, but for the fraudulent breach

of trust, which we have already noticed, on the part of Doubloon Jack, might still be alive, and happy with her child and Armstrong, who had adored her so affectionately, and whose memory and love he never ceased to cherish.

It is superfluous to say he was maddened to desperation on meeting one of the chief agents of his affliction. He demanded satisfaction: this was refused. Doubloon Jack was however compelled, even by his friend Solomons, to fight Armstrong, and was, by the latter mortally wounded. He lingered some days in great suffering, and his hardened soul and callous heart gave at length way to remorse. Conscience gnawed upon the spirit of the dying sinner. His crimes stood in all their terrific deformity before him. He sent, just before his dissolution, for a clergyman, and also for Armstrong. To the latter he acknowledged the evil he had done him, —told him that although his wife was dead, his daughter, now a beautiful young woman, was living,—and by a short codicil, made all the reparation that he then could, by directing the principal, with full interest of the two thousand

pounds, to be paid over to Armstrong ; beseeching his forgiveness, which, however difficult, was, under the dying wretches' circumstances, granted by the brave man. Conscience still oppressed the departing sinner. It was evident that something more appalling was still stalking in hideous and terrific awfulness between him and the dread future of eternity. He directed the clergyman to add another codicil to his testament,—thus as far as in him lay, to make reparation for the forgery in the will, which he now confessed to have committed in his early career at Edinburgh. Still conscience was far from being at ease. That dread of what should await him on his immediate transition from this world to the dark mysterious regions of eternal retribution, to which he felt he was immediately about to repair and answer, gave utterance, a few minutes before his last dying gasp, to the awful confession, before several witnesses,—amongst whom stood Solomons himself,—that they had both been partners in equipping more than one of the pirate schooners, the crews of which had been guilty of so many

murders, and of plundering numerous vessels, among the Bahamas, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Delta of the Orinoque, that they were at the present moment, interested in numerous slave ships, and that the "slave clipper," which has been noticed in a former chapter, and which had since then sailed for Africa, was the joint property of "Doubloon Jack," and "Providence Solomons." He raved also about forging the Doubloons, and cheating the Spaniards, in conjunction with Solomons.

The latter immediately disappeared, on hearing before witnesses this solemn and terrible disclosure of his iniquity and crimes. Solomons had not certainly the fear of God, nor much of the fear of man before his eyes. He was from his youth upwards a most hardened sinner, and having reasoned himself into a disregard of the future, resolved to live undaunted, and in the way which he considered the most gratifying, but not a moment longer, in the present world. The confession of Doubloon Jack involved him too deeply to enjoy this practice and scheme of life any longer.

He ascended to his room, locked his door, and in less than ten minutes after his partner in guilt gave up his soul to be dealt with by its merciful and just Creator, Solomons placed the muzzle of a five-barrelled pistol to his mouth, and blew his head into countless atoms.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT NEW YORK.

“ Paint the manners living as they rise.”

THAT period is not far back when theatres were considered so unholy, as to have been entirely prohibited in the United States. These for tragedy, comedy, burlesques, and the ballet, are now as numerous in the towns, and especially in New York as in Europe.

The first stars of the dramatic constellation of Europe are attracted across the Atlantic by fair and often very great remuneration. There are also many good (chiefly comic), native actors. The ballet when our travellers arrived, and the pirouetting and Ariel flights and attitudes of Fanny Ellsler, drew half the brokers and clerks nightly from their *commissions* and ledgers, to

the ballet, and the newspaper poetasters, strewed not the stage with garlands, but the press with their effusions in praise of the attitudes and "divine gracefulness" of "the twinkling feet" of the modest figurante.*

A great change in the management of the theatres of New York and other towns is, however, indispensable before they can claim the merit of dramatic excellence. The New York

* Although we have seen many pretty, and even *poetic* verses written by native Americans, the press (we except such very able papers as the *Argus*, *Atlas*, and a few others, which are conducted with as much ability as those of Europe, and with as much impartiality as their readers permit) is too generally deformed with such doggerel as the following rhymes :

" Dear Fanny, this comes hoping you are well,
 You know you sprain'd your ankle when you fell,
 And hurt your elbow ; ' now, how do you rise ?'
 Fanny, we're dying of a fever here,
 But not the yellow fever, Fanny dear ;
 We want to see your ' twinkling feet' and eyes,
 We want to read that ' poetry unwritten,'
 With which the worthy Gothamites are smitten.
 We make a motion that you take a notion
 To move yourself this way along the ocean,
 And dance into our hearts, sweet ' muse of motion.'
 Ten thousand dollars—Fanny, here's a chance !
 To see you dance—we'll pay it in advance—
 Haste ! haste, dear girl ! If not why go to—France."—
New Orleans' Picayune.

population profess to assimilate in their taste to that of Paris, and their dramatic critics accuse the managers of endeavouring “ stupidly to chain the taste of the theatre-goers, to the stiff, pompous, London system. The ruining consequence of its adherence to this old system is, going down as fast as it can go : the stupidity of its management is equal to its obstinacy, and *not all the tanks of water in the world can save it without a change—not even Noah’s flood.* The Park should take a hint from us and profit by them.” It will be difficult to understand what this critic means by tanks of water and Noah’s flood. Such, however, are specimens of the *figures* of speech used by the ephemeral American writers.

Wherever riches abound and the disposition to spend exists, means to attract to the excitement and amusement which causes expenditure will always be provided. Such is abundantly the case at New York. Among others are the public gardens,* with music *à la Musarde*, &c. ;

* “ At the head of these,” says a weekly paper, “ stands Niblo’s, the prince of gardens. His place is perfectly Parisian, and that his exertions are appreciated is seen in the swarms of beauty, fashion, intelligence, and respectability that nightly

and then the resorts to sea-bathing places, and to the mineral wells, where showy allurements, and many substantial comforts are provided for the visitors. The great majority, however, of the inhabitants of all American towns north of the Potomac being engaged in business which requires incessant attention, they are compelled to remain at home and content themselves with town amusements.

The Park Theatre, and the Bowery were both frequented three times by Playfair and the Major. The ecstasies and the anxious curiosity of the New Yorkers during the *ballet* at the Park, exhibited by queer phrases and restless gestures, much that would not be expected among a nation of money-making and supposed to be grave primitive-mannered republicans. The Park Theatre was usually crowded, and during the hot weather,* those must have been indeed

flock to his place. He first introduced the Parisian Tivoli garden style in this city. Then came Vauxhall, which also is well attended. And now we have the New Tivoli Gardens, fitted up beautifully on the site of the old Richmond Hill, for concerts and other light amusements, and it will certainly succeed."

* "THE DRESS CIRCLE OF THE BOWERY THEATRE.—We may

gratified during the performance, who could remain for three or four hours nearly suffocated in the hot, impure, confined atmosphere of a cramped theatre. Yet they not only did continue to endure this night after night, but re-engaged the *prima donna* of dancers on her fulfilling an engagement at Philadelphia.*

talk as we please about the burlesque on manners published by Marryat and others ; but a scene occurred at the Bowery on Saturday night, that if published in either of the books of travels, would be regarded as the wildest fiction. A gentleman, with two ladies, entered the dress-circle of the Bowery soon after the play began, and finding the atmosphere very close, deliberately took off his coat and laid it beside him ; not being sufficiently cool he took off his vest also. Still feeling uncomfortably warm, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and in this state sat out the play. This is all very well so far, but Mr. Hamblin must issue a "circular" containing rules to be observed in the summer season. Because it is possible, that if the thermometer rises a few degrees higher, some of the gentlemen may deem a further disrobing desirable, unless assured by a printed circular that it is *contra bonos mores*."—*New York Paper*.

* A New York critic on the ballet, observes on this occasion :

"On Wednesday night the 'divine Fanny' commenced her second engagement in this city, and with it another brilliant triumph. The affair was a splendid one in every respect. The ballet was 'La Sylphide,' and the after dance the 'Cachucha.'

"Wednesday was intensely hot, close, and sultry.—Every one

How strangely does this theatre-going spirit contrast with the puritanical manners so long,

complained of the heat, and the oppressive state of the weather. The evening was a *dreadfully* stormy one. The thunder rolled and crashed overhead—the lightnings flashed with fearful vividness, the rain descended in heavy torrents—and yet the Park Theatre was *crowded to suffocation in every part*; the Shakspeare gallery was thrown open, and very soon even that was filled. We presume that there were 1800 dollars in the house at least.

“In short the theatre seemed to contain more people than on any night of her first engagement. Over 500 applied for admission to the pit, and were refused. Some fortunate holders of pit tickets speculated on them, and in some instances sold them as high as 2ds. 50c. *The dress circle presented a most brilliant appearance, and contained a large number of the beauty and fashion of the city.* The same was the case with the second tier. In fact the latter circle never was honoured by the presence of so *many lovely women* on any former occasion.

“Every one seemed astonished. Every one was out of town—all the beauty and fashion had gone (as every body said) to Niagara, to Saratoga, to New Brighton, to Rockaway, to the Ocean House, to the White Sulphur, and half a dozen other places.

“The interior of the theatre looked quite brilliant again. It has been thoroughly cleansed and beautified during the recess; splendid new crimson curtains and drapery put up in the boxes, and the whole done up in a neat and handsome manner; for which, considering all things, the management deserves great credit.

“The first piece was the ‘Married Rake,’ part of which the audience hissed, solely on account of their intense impatience to see ‘La Belle Ellsler.’ At last the overture ceased—a

and still very generally prevalent in Massachusetts.. When making some inquiries as to the

faint cry of 'hats off,' was heard—then came a breathless silence, and the instant the curtain began to stir, and before the *charming Fanny* could be seen, the whole house burst forth in the most tremendous applause; peal on peal arose till it was almost deafening, and then suddenly and characteristically ceased.

"She danced with more grace, ease, finish, and lightness, than ever; and the heat of the weather, and her trip to the Catskill mountains, have actually combined to improve her astonishing powers. She drew down repeated bursts of enthusiastic applause, as she glided, bounded, leaped, and almost flew across the stage; but in the difficult *pas* in the second act, the applause absolutely drowned the music, and momentarily stopped the business of the scene. We never heard any thing equal to it—the tumult of the elements roared and rattled without and the tumult of the human elements roared within. Hats and handkerchiefs waved, and even ladies cried out 'charmant!' 'magnifique!' 'illustre!'

"The curtain rose for the 'Cachucha,' and discovered the divine Fanny standing in the centre of the stage, like a beautiful breathing statue. Then rose, from pit to box, and tier to tier, the wild shout and loud hurrah. Then came the impassioned exclamations which the Arabs so much delight to use, when speaking of what they highly admire. How beautiful, oh, God! how very beautiful! The cheering was positively terrific.

"Her dancing of the cachucha is exquisitely delicious. We do not wonder that the late King of Prussia wrote to her in his last illness, saying, 'Do come to Berlin immediately, that I may see you dance the cachucha once more before I die!'"

changes of public opinion in regard to theatricals, Playfair called on a Mr. —— publisher of a most valuable scientific periodical, and other works. Several newspapers lay on his table. Among others a religious one, published in the capital of a more northern state, crammed full of “uncharitableness,” and the absence of “good will towards men.”

“The instant the music ceased, the cheering again burst forth more intensely than ever. The curtain fell, and shut out ‘la belle’ from sight. At this instant every soul in the pit and boxes rose simultaneously and shouted, ‘Ellsler!’ ‘La belle Fanny!’ ‘Ellsler!’ ‘Ellsler!’ After the lapse of a minute or two, Mr. Sylvain appeared leading on ‘the Ellsler!’ Again and again the *wild cheering* commenced. She was absolutely terrified and bewildered, and advanced to the foot lights pale as death. At last her angel smile illumined her glorious face, and placing her hand on her heart, she exclaimed with a most *delicious patois*, and in an inimitably *naïve* manner, ‘I am very much delighted to see you all again. Since I left you I have found very many good—and—kind friends—but (and here she smiled sweetly) I have not forgotten and never will forget my first friends of New York.’

“So saying, she curtsied again and again, and retired. The men jumped, shouted, hurraed, cheered, roared, thumped sticks, and clapped their hands, *till the horses* in the street were startled, and *two ran off* with a carriage. The ladies partook of the general enthusiasm, and waved handkerchiefs, and cried, ‘Bravo!’ And as a finishing stroke, the pit gave ‘Three cheers for Fanny Ellsler,’ and then, and not till then, order was restored!!!”

Several intelligent persons were present,—one of whom narrated to Playfair some account of a son of the editor and publisher of the said puritanical paper. The young man having a literary turn, with fair talent, left his native town for New York, in order to add to his stock of knowledge. He had been brought up under the most rigid course of instruction and restraint,—taught that all places of amusement,* especially theatres,—were resorts which subjected to eternal perdition all who frequented them.

The youth grew up accordingly in the fear of the Lord, a high example to all young puritans, and not only assisted the elders of the presbytery, but prayed *extemporaneously*, in a shrill tone of lamentation for sin, in comparison with which all the groanings of Jeremiah were songs of cheerfulness,—and the phraseology sufficiently “*fogmatic*,” to have constituted him, had he then lived, one of the divines who drew up the celebrated Westminster confession of

* Query, Are not chapels, love-feasts, camp meetings, and revivals excepted?—P. D.

faith. He also wrote "Savoury Divinity," for his father's newspaper.

Young Nahum, however, forgetting the advice of the psalmist, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?—By taking heed thereunto according to thy word," — departed from the paths of virtue, step by step, so far as to walk into the Bowery Theatre,* New York; and there was, without the saving advantage of a mentor by his side, as fairly captivated by the classic attitudes of a beautiful French opera-dancer, and the charms of many other nymphs, as Telemachus of old was by the divine Calypso, and her enchanting virgins.

Nahum, however, returned, it is believed harmless; but not without violent struggles against his feelings, to his native city. But before his arrival some good-natured friend who had watched his movements at New York, wrote, out of *pure* affection for the young man, to his father, stating, that the son had actually been

* This theatre has since been subjected, say the puritans, to retributive judgment. In fact it has been burnt to the ground.

led away by the "tempter," so far as to enter that worse than Satan's house,—the theatre.

Great was the consternation, and deep was the grief among the puritans, on hearing such lamentable tidings of their once beloved chosen vessel—their own, as they believed, elected of the Lord, young Nahum.

Old Nahum and his wife Deborah, and his daughter Susannah, were likewise sore perplexed on the return of young Nahum. The father said his son had sinned so far beyond the sinning of the "Prodigal," that he was unworthy to be again received within the parental threshold. The mother was equally shocked at young Nahum's erring after those daughters of the Moabites, the play actresses.* If he had

* Strange indeed are the changes in respect to theatres in America. "The majority of actors," observes the *New York Herald*, "who come out from England, make the same grand mistake that Madame V—— did. They take too much pains to convince the public that they are excessively moral; when they ought to take precisely the same trouble to convince their fashionable patrons that they are decidedly immoral. Look at Burton, after the row that was made about his marrying two wives,—why there was no other actor in the country that drew such full houses, or was so liberally patronized by the beautiful, and fashionable, and pious women

but sinned otherwise than after the heathenish or Midianitish women, he might, through grace, like the prodigal son, be yet received. Susannah prayed with all a sister's endearing affection for him, first with her father and mother, then with the elders of the presbytery.

The latter held a council, and it was after long controversy decided, that young Nahum should have still one *race for the faith*, by ap-

of this city. And if he were to be bold enough to marry a third wife, and commit trigonometry, he would undoubtedly go ahead of all the actors now in this country. And if it were possible to find an actor who has had the moral and physical courage and capacity to marry six wives at once, why he could make a fortune of a million of dollars in two or three years at the furthest. Instead, therefore, of actors and actresses buying up a portion of the press to puff them and praise their morality, let them hire some of the penny papers to abuse them; and if there are any errors or delinquencies in their past lives, be sure and have them published as speedily as possible. For our own part, we intend to serve the actors and managers in this way, as much as we possibly can. There are a great many rich and curious scenes that might be developed in relation to the fashionable managers and actresses of the present day, that would, if published, make the fortune of the whole. These favourable points of their character, with that innate modesty inseparable from the profession, they take every possible pains to conceal; and thus the public are kept in shameful ignorance of their numerous merits and the really valuable points of their character."

pearing in humiliation before the whole congregation as a repentant sinner, confessing his errors in all their enormity, and submitting in the lowliest humility to three successive rebukings before the Lord and his people, on each of the three following sabbaths.

Young Nahum not being in any way independent of his father in pecuniary means, chose the discreet part, and yielded to the decree of the elders. He accordingly appeared before the congregation, in a wet white sheet, and, in the lowliest contrition, stood before the people, enduring each of the three sabbaths the full measure of rebuke pronounced aloud by the preachers.

Young Nahum has, however, since those days given loose to his will; travels and writes on his own account,—feels ashamed of having been bred a puritan,—dresses in the cut of a Broadway dandy,—has not only again entered the pit and gallery of the Bowery Theatre, but has fearlessly penetrated behind the scenes of the Park, where he is on the most agreeably intimate terms with the divine sylphs of the

ballet, who find in return *great favour* and applause in the public prints, through young Nahum's superior critical tact, under the heads of "*dance and drama.*"

His ambition, it is said, grows with his progress, and he now aspires to that important post, an attachéship to one of the United States' Foreign Legations.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Major and Playfair made excursions to Rockaway and Oceanhouse, and, from the commanding heights of Staten Island, viewed New York and its extensive bay, New Jersey, Long Island, the splendid *vista* up the Hudson, and the boundless ocean without. Our military hero, then left New York, on being requested by a letter from the provincial secretary to return and take possession of the land granted him in New Brunswick as a major on the retired list of British officers.

Playfair remained to witness the movements of the fourth of July, the anniversary of Ame-

rican independence. This national holiday has usually been celebrated in every town of the republic, by the firing of artillery, processions, addresses, dinners, and fireworks. On the present occasion the approaching contest for the presidentship amplified its political character; and the *Loco-focos* and the Harrison party manifested their respective humours and views in processions, banners, and scurrilous abuse of each other.

The *Loco-focos* held their meetings, proclaiming for re-election as president, Van Buren, and as vice-president Coloned Johnson, who shot, or said he shot, the renowned Indian warrior and orator Tecumseh.

With drums beating, trumpets blowing, brass instruments playing, banners flying, a vast assemblage of the *Loco-focos*, belonging to the city and surrounding countries, held a meeting, to which they marched in procession, in Castle Garden. They commenced by firing a salute of sixty-four guns in honour of the number of years since the declaration of the first independence. They then fired, and hurraed, and

shouted. The assembled Loco-focos were estimated at "*thirty thousand bodies*," and they were not libelled when likened to those whom St. John in his revelations beheld, "for they were a multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and people, and kindred, and tongues."*

* The log-cabin or Harrison press, speaking of a Loco-foco meeting, stated, "The whig party papers of this city, as usual, either pass the subject over in silence, or else tell all sorts of lies about it. The Loco-foco papers are but two in number, and of these, the only one displaying the least talent is the *New Era*; the other, the *Post*, is edited by a poor miserable milk-and-water rhymmer, one half hypocrite, one quarter fool, and the rest worse than either; and all that he has to say on the subject is borrowed from the *Era*, which latter is a curious mixture of truth, nonsense, balderdash, folly, and good sense.

"On Monday afternoon, then, about half-past two o'clock, the Loco-focos, or as they say they are, the real democracy of the country, began to bestir themselves. Many of them had taken an additional glass of wine and brandy with their dinner (for many of the Loco-focos do drink not a little wine), and consequently were in high spirits.

"This motley mass of human beings was eternally in motion; into the bar-room, through the arena, up the stairs, through the saloon, around the galleries, down the stairs, over the bridge, into Peter Baynard's across to Pettet's, and back again, from the beginning to the close of the meeting.

"The scene was highly exhilarating. The sun shone brightly, the wind blew freshly; flags were flying, children crying,

Their banners displayed, among many others, the mottoes as "*Croghan* association, and first dependence, 4th July, 1776.*" "*Second independence SUB-TREATY BILL 4th July, 1840.*

men hurraing, drums beating, cannons roaring, petticoats floating hither and thither, glasses rattling, but brandy-punch and gin slings swilling; then more cheers, and guns and drums and trumpets! Oh, it was what one honest, but hard-spoken Loco-foco called it, 'a h—ll of a day for democracy!—It opened rich!'

"The immense multitude dispersed without any accident and in high spirits. Many remained drinking at Marsh's bar, and numbers flocked over to Pettet's and to Peter Baynard's. The arrangements at each place were excellent, as they always are; and had not the liquors of each been of the first quality, the amount of mischief done by drinking this day would have been incalculable.

"There was probably more brandy, gin, wine, rum, and all sorts of liquor drank between two and four o'clock on that afternoon, than ever was drank in any two hours in New York before, or ever will be again. It was one stirring scene of excitement, drinking, swearing, greeting, jostling, laughing, shouting, and shaking of hands. There were two or three fights, one or two stump speeches on the green, and half a dozen pockets picked without much money being lost. But take it altogether it was the greatest Loco-foco meeting we have had here in ten years. *It opened rich and closed in character.*"

* Croghan, who in 1813 repulsed a very large force, was at the time twenty-one years only, yet a major commanding the garrison at Fort Stephenson, near Fort Meigs. The Loco-focos, endeavouring to deprive Harrison of all merit, have transferred such honour to junior officers such as Johnson and Croghan.

CROGHAN ASSOCIATION, *we can defend the fort, and by heaven we will!*" "MARTIN VAN BUREN, RICHARD JOHNSON, President and Vice-president, and no mistake."—"GOLD IN TRADE AND TRUTH IN POLITICS."—"NO HARD CIDER, and NO HUMBUG, and NO HARRISON."

The glorious fourth broke in upon Playfair, by the report, while he was asleep, of ten or twelve pistol-shots fired in the passages leading to the bedrooms. Firing of pistols and guns at daybreaking to arouse the citizens and strangers from their sleep being a favourite practical joke on fête-days in America.

Playfair awoke, and knowing that there was no more rest for him on that day, arose from bed and dressed. Finding that several lodgers were preparing to go and "see all the sights of the day," he accompanied Jasper Vanderspink, a shrewd, observing, quaint, talking person,—a regular boarder,—a descendant of one of the early Dutch settlers, and long a resident in New York.

The morning was clear and warm, the whole city in commotion. "Let us progress to the

Park," said Vanderspink, "for they have been up there all night putting up booths."

To the Park they proceeded before sunrise. On their way they met heavy-rolling fire-engines, with the firemen, returning from extinguishing a fire which had *only* destroyed one house. When they reached the Park, they found booths erected nearly all round the railings.—Some of those were meager, some large, and many abundantly filled.

"Here," said Vanderspink, as they walked on, "be booths for *Loco-focos*,—there be some, too, for *Log-cabin folks*,—there be some for *niggers*,—others for the *wild Irish*. There look on the *drunken rowdies*,—look at that *swab*, already filled with *red-eye-rum*, snoring in the gutter, and a *Loco-foco* painting his face red, and blue, and green;—there go the pistols and guns, bang, bang, bang,—the peace of the city is, I guess, proclaimed to be broken for twenty-four hours."

A roar of cannon announced the moment of sunrise, and then the booths began to assume the bustle and preparation of full activity.

Playfair made some remarks on the extraordinary variety of articles with which the booths were crammed, and Vanderspink observed, “ Yes, squire, *reglar* stores, all kinds, I guess ; there bee’s regiments of bottles and decanters of red brandy, blue gin, white Hollands, Monongehala whiskey, and Santa Cruz rum. There’s kegs of hard cider, barrels of callibogus, switchel, *red-eye-rum*, and spruce-beer. Kettles of coffee, hot and cold,—skyrockets, roast pigs, fire-serpents, apples, crackers, cigars, squibs, loaves, blue-lights, fish, smoking-pipes, pumpkin-pies, chewing-tobacco, and flags. Now, squire, they begins,—there goes the coffee at three cents the cup,—there the blue gin, and red-eye-rum ! Losh me ! how they eats and guzzles !—How they fires and swears !—Look, squire, at that *ould fisjemati** boxing the yellow fellow,—and that there row between the niggers and wild Irish ! ! ”

From the Park Playfair and Vanderspink proceeded to the harbour. Here the shipping

* Fishwoman is so termed.—EDITOR.

were gorgeously decked with flags and streamers, stars and stripes, and fancy flags which decorated the masts and stays of vessels great and small; while, at the same time, boats filled with parties of men and women in their best dresses were moving to and fro on the water. About nine o'clock, a fire broke out and five houses were destroyed,* yet little care was taken:—at eleven the fireworks set a soap-manufactory in a blaze,—and at noon four or five houses were destroyed, and some time after there was another fire, in which a mother and child perished.

Playfair and his leader then went to see the review. “Bee’s they not ’mazing brave, and fine and fierce looking,” said Vanderspink, “both infantry and cavalry, in their marching and *ebolutions*. Dosn’t you guess, squire, they would carry

* It is said, that one house, at least, in twenty is burnt annually at New York. Cigar-smoking, *house-firing*, and especially stores, by the occupants, in order to recover amounts insured greatly above the value,—the agents of the insurance companies setting fire to houses uninsured, and the carelessness of negro-servants and workmen, are the causes usually assigned for the daily fires in that city. The first and last are, however, the chief causes, and the charge against the insurance companies must be unfounded.—EDITOR.

all glory in war. Dosn't the battery look beautiful? And behold the *winders* of Philadelphia, with such rafts of *superfine upper-crust girls* and *mothers*, who've comed to view the review!!!"

At this moment, the officer commanding, an awkward rider, backed his heavy horse abruptly, and unhorsed a major, who fell amidst the disorderly troop, and broke one of his legs. Play-fair being shocked at the carelessness with which the accident was witnessed, Vanderspink observed, "That is General Sadfield, who sits his horse like a tailor on his board, and universally INVOLVES his cavalry, and has knocked off one of his aids, whose legs are now broke. He has no more military science than Colonel Cluck."

The troops were dismissed, and then away went the crowds to the orations, and other public places, as Niblo's gardens. "At the tabernacle," said Vanderspink, "we'el have a *terrible smart orator*." There they went, but the terrific orator was, or feigned to be, sick.

From thence they drove in a hackney to Niblo's gardens, where the band of the rifles

were playing, and that corps and a number of well or rather gaily dressed women assembled. Here an oration, on the 4th of July, and on *glory, stripes, and stars*, was pronounced. From Niblo's they proceeded to Green-street Church, which was filled by all classes, sexes, and sizes, to hear what Vanderspink styled "a capital performance, an oration on glory and the 4th of July." This was somewhat deranged by some mischievous individuals firing off a highly overcharged swivel, which burst and fractured the sexton's skull, and injured several persons.

During the whole day the city exhibited a scene of constant action, confusion, and noise; as night came on the theatres were filled, and the prince of sulphur and saltpetre, as they call a Mr. Etch, had prepared fireworks on a scale of grandeur previously unknown at New York. In all parts they were let off until midnight, and more than once the city was threatened with a general conflagration.

Playfair was invited to dine with the conservative party at the National Hall. Matters

were decently conducted at this feast, until a number of Loco-focos who went there to gulp champagne and madeira, and create mischief, occasioned some disorder. On which Playfair returned through the noise and confusion of the streets to his lodgings.

On the following morning Vanderspink, who had gone to the Tippecanoe dinner, asserted that feast "to be the dinner of the day," at which was present the venerable live eagle, fifty-seven years old, which hovered around the head of General Harrison last war! "Here," said he, "we had an elegant dinner, the best champagne, and hardest cider, national toasts, and we fixed a standing general one for November election. Here it is:—

"GENERAL HARRISON, for *President*.

"JOHN TYLER, for *Vice-president*.

"MARTIN VAN BUREN, for *Kinderhook*.*

"We then cheered, and astonished the OLD EAGLE, and played the 'Rogue's March' for Martin Van Buren; and then we drank in the

* In American parlance, to send him into banishment.

sense of contrary, the *journals of the administration*, and the administration itself, and the band played the *dead march in Saul*. We had songs gloriously well sung, and one good new one by an Albany poet. It is rale *genuoyne*, and here squire is a copy of it, and the tune is the *Star-spangled banner*."

Song.

Oh ! what is that sound swelling loudly on high
 Wherever our land shows its boundless dominions,
 And uncurb'd, with his stars and his stripes, in the sky
 Borne aloft by our flag, spreads our Eagle his pinions ?
 'Tis an empire's glad strain !
 The free, hailing again
 The day when their sires trod on sceptre and chain :
 And proudly their sons will remember this day,
 Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

Oppression strode on—the cloud gather'd o'erhead,
 And Freedom beheld him, with scorn, from her station,
 Our Eagle's fierce eye blazed with wrath at his tread,
 Till the day that our land rear'd its front as a nation.
 Then the red lightning sprung,
 Then the thunder-burst rung,
 'Twas the eye-flash of freedom—the sound of her tongue ;
 Then proudly her sons will remember this day,
 Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

In its field stood the plough—the axe ceased in the wood,
From his log cabin gladly the wild hunter sallied,
From city and glen, throngs were pour'd like a flood,
To the flag where the ranks of the valiant were rallied.

Oh! let Bunker's red height,

And let Trenton's wild fight,

Tell how nobly our sires bled and died for the right;
Then proudly their sons will remember this day,
Till the last wave of time bears its glories away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COASTING-VOYAGE.

PLAYFAIR finding it necessary to repair in a few weeks to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and being now *weary* of New York, made up his mind, instead of proceeding direct, to make a coasting-voyage to Nova Scotia, landing wherever he thought most interesting, and travelling, if such might appear necessary, part of the way by land.

He embarked on board a powerful steam-boat for Newhaven. The deck was crowded with passengers of all classes, ages, sizes, and professions. As they proceeded through the Sound, the view of New York with the ship-

ping, and the country-houses on each side was richly varied, picturesque, and magnificent. On passing through the rapid whirling narrows of *Hellgate*, in which many serious accidents have happened, the full force of steam power was necessary to impel the vessel forward. On passing along the shores of Long Island, groups of passengers were landed, and several were taken on board. In little more than two hours they entered the broad part of the Sound, with the heights of Connecticut to the north, while the steamer was receding gradually from the lower shores of Long Island.

A grave thoughtfulness of expression and countenance prevailed among the passengers. They seemed another race, very different from those left behind in the south. They all appeared, even the children, as if engaged in calculation. Those who landed on Long Island formed an exception, some of whom were the descendants of the old Dutch settlers; others, visitors from New York, and a few freed blacks, men and women, dressed in

their holiday finery of nankeen and coloured calicoes.

Playfair entered into conversation with those whose faces indicated originality of character. One, a quaker, returning home to Nantucket, gave him an account of the whale fishery, two others, primitive-looking men, going back to Cape Cod, gave him a full account of the American fisheries. In the evening they arrived and landed at Newhaven.

This is one of the neatest towns in the world, its state house built like the Parthenon, its Gothic and other churches, its cemetery, Yale College, some excellent schools and other institutions, a magnificent square and some fine streets lined with trees, arrest the attention of the stranger, and assure him that the citizens possess good taste in architecture, and a just estimation of the benefits of instruction and good order. Professor Silliman himself would be an honour as well as an ornament to any country. His journal of science is one of the most sound as well as learned periodicals in the world. The spirit of intelligence, order, and

thrift, prevailed every where in this town. In the principal hotel Playfair was well lodged, and civilly attended to. It is such towns and such a population, as that of Newhaven, and of Connecticut generally, that do honour to the United States, and form the great redeeming points of their general character.

After passing two days at Newhaven, and making an excursion to Hartford, Playfair travelled agreeably enough over a country in which the industry of the people was every where manifested, to Rhode Island, and crossed in a ferry-boat to the old town of Newport. An assemblage of quiet, respectable families who visit this town on account of its salubriousness, renders it a very agreeable bathing-place.

Its houses and streets look far more like a town in *old*, than in *New*, England, and its harbour defended by forts would afford safe anchorage for the largest fleet in the world.

A fast-sailing schooner being ready to start for Nantucket, and for a port in Nova Scotia, the day after Playfair's arrival at Newport he embarked on board of this beautiful craft.

They sailed with a favourable brisk wind between Martha's vineyard, and the picturesque shores of Massachusetts, and before the sun disappeared beyond the western mountains, the graceful clipper anchored and furled her sails in the harbour of Nantucket.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NANTUCKERS.

OF all the places which Playfair had visited, none interested him more than Nantucket. This naturally sterile island, situated twenty miles from continent, often enveloped in fogs, and surrounded by dangerous shoals, was settled at an early period of colonial history by a few families of quakers. The lands, comprising twenty-eight thousand acres, are scarcely fit for any cultivation, but the island affords tolerable pasturage for black-cattle and sheep:* which, with

* The inhabitants possess about 500 head of horned cattle, which feed together in one herd, and 14,000 sheep which pasture in common.—EDITOR.

the lands, are all held in common by a population of about seven thousand, most of whom are quakers.

Playfair found every thing in Nantucket conducted with the most systematic order. Method, and rule, and custom, regulates every plan and every action.

The language of the people is quaint, and primitive, and containing many words not included in the English dictionary. Playfair's lodgings at the inn were plain, yet convenient and very comfortable. The population live as if they were one great family. No discord, no jealousy, has ever disturbed their tranquillity. The young people of both sexes call each other cousin, and their elders, uncle or aunt. They marry young, and celibacy is rare among them. In constitution and appearance they are robust and healthy; and the men having, nearly all, been from boyhood trained to a seafaring life, are hardy, enterprising sailors and fishers. None are poor—none destitute. Affectionately attached to their island, they seldom leave it in order to settle in distant parts: in this re-

spect they differ altogether from the New Englanders. They are remarkably social, and frequently sup at each other's houses. "Assist one another," is their first rule of conduct. Their cattle, and the wool of their sheep is to them of considerable value, as they make nomespun cloth and hosiery of the wool, and the black-cattle and sheep yield them butter and cheese, and animal food.

The sea, however, is the region from which they derive their chief means of subsistence. The island has its banks, insurance offices, several places of worship, extensive works for preparing spermaceti, and about twenty-eight thousand tons of shipping, or about four tons to each man, woman, and child. The education of youth is strictly attended to, crime is unknown ; and a man who has been brought up in this happy island carries along with him, in that circumstance, a full guarantee for the morality and integrity of his character.

"How does the whale fishery, which you began at so early a period, succeed nowadays?" asked Playfair, of a plain man, of excellent

countenance and dressed in the neat habit of the friends, and who appeared to be a guest, but who was in reality the landlord of the inn.

“Friend,” he replied, “the taking of the whale, the leviathan of the deep, was early in the settlement of our society. Six of our fathers began it. One stood upon the hill, and when he beheld the whale sending forth the white spouting, he signalized the direction to the five brethren who were in a boat, and rowed in pursuit of the leviathan—and thus, under protection of the all-powerful God, did generally take the great fish. In process of time the whales waxed scarce, in this our sea, and our fathers were imboldened to go north, into the Saint Lawrence Gulf,* and thence again to the

* “The whales caught within the gulf of St. Lawrence are those called ‘*hump-backs*,’ which yield, on an average, about three tons of oil; some have been taken seventy feet long, which produced eight tons. The mode of taking them is somewhat different from that followed by the Greenland fishers; and the Gaspé fishermen first acquired an acquaintance with it from the people of Nantucket. An active man, accustomed to boats and schooners, may become fully acquainted with every thing connected with this fishery in one season. The

straits of Davis, and now for a generation our ships proceedeth to the great ocean of the Pacific. On the morrow, by the grace of Jehovah, our great ship, that is called 'The Aunt Deborah,' will depart on that anxious voyage round the Cape of Horn. Friend, thou mayst peradventure not be unwilling to witness the parting of that ship and her master and mariners; if thou have a mind, thou can then accompany me."

A pretty neatly-dressed girl of seventeen, in the quaker costume, came into the room, and

vessels best adapted for the purpose are schooners of from seventy to eighty tons burden, manned with a crew of eight men, including the master. Each schooner requires two boats, about twenty feet long, built narrow and sharp, and with *pink* sterns; and two hundred and twenty fathoms of line are necessary in each boat, with spare harpoons and lances. The men row towards the whale, and, when they are very near, use paddles, which make less noise than oars. Whales are sometimes taken fifteen minutes after they are struck with the harpoon. The Gaspe fishermen never go out in quest of them until some of the small ones, which enter the bay about the beginning of June, appear; these swim too fast to be easily harpooned, and are not, besides, worth the trouble. The large whales are taken off the entrance of Gaspe Bay, on each side of the Island of Anticosti, and up the River St. Lawrence as far up as Bique."—MACGREGOR'S *British America*.

said to the landlord, "Father, my mother hath bidden me to make known to thee, that the supper is prepared, and to tell thee that our aunts and uncles and cousins, who have been bidden, have even now come. Mother hath likewise bidden me to tell thee, father, that it will be kind in thee to ask the stranger friend to our supper."

This the landlord did and they moved on to the *eating-parlour*, in which there was a table well covered with fish, flesh, and fowl, and around which there sat about twelve persons young and old besides the family: among others were the mate of the good ship *Aunt Deborah*, and three young men, whom the landlord's daughter called cousins and who were about sailing on the morrow for the Pacific.

There was plain good sense displayed in the hospitable feast thus given. Some of the cakes, and the cookery, were peculiar to the island; but all was good in its way. Those assembled round the table seemed to have ever lived on terms of the most sincere affection, and although the conversation was chiefly confined to them-

selves and to the voyage of the *Aunt Deborah*, it gave Playfair at once a sufficiently clear view of the manners and lives of the worthy inhabitants of Nantucket.

On the following morning Playfair accompanied his landlord and family to witness the departure of the “*Aunt Deborah*.”

It was a most affecting scene, this parting, for nearly three years, of mothers, parents, and sons, of husbands and wives, of brothers and sisters, of lovers and their beloved affianced sweet-hearts, as the good ship *Aunt Deborah* unfurled her sails, and left Nantucket amidst the prayers, blessings, hopes, and anxieties of a vast concourse of the old and young of both sexes: never were the feelings of love and tenderness more affectionately manifested.

These voyages to the Pacific last about two and a half years, but the ships are fitted out with every article that may be necessary for the comfort and the health of the crews, for at least three years. The account of the preparation for whaling voyages, and the departures of the ships, as related to Playfair, are attended with

the most anxious affecting cares, and circumstances. The mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters of these hardy and adventurous men are, long before the day of sailing, eagerly, yet quietly and thriftily occupied in collecting every delicacy for the long voyage, and in providing and arranging in proper order all sorts of clothing suitable for the boisterous and cold rigours of the antarctic regions, as well as for the serene climate and gentle seas of the Pacific.

These ships proceed sometimes round Cape Horn, at others round the Cape of Good Hope; they frequently meet each other in the Pacific. The Indian, Chinese, and Pacific Oceans are better known to American whalers than to any other navigators; this fact, and their great care in keeping two men always stationed at the mast-head, on the look-out for land or breakers, will account for the very few shipwrecks among them, although they navigate the most boisterous regions, and, on the charts at least, the most imperfectly known seas in the world. The dangers to which they are exposed are great, the hazards they encounter require great skill and courage to avoid, with safety to the ship and crew.

The schooner being ready for departure, Playfair embarked, and they sailed on a beautiful evening with a light fair breeze. During the night the wind veered round, and next morning, as the sun rose in wrothful sublimity in the red eastern sky, it came on to blow a gale directly ahead, which compelled the schooner to run for shelter behind the sandy peninsula of Cape Cod. This extraordinary neck of land is little else than lagoons, divided by ridges of white sandhills, on which houses are, however, built on large stakes, driven into the ground, with openings between to allow the sand to drift through. The place is, however, thickly settled by a hardy adventurous race, deriving their subsistence from the fisheries. "In dress, in language, and in their customs, they differ from other folks," said the master of the clipper.

The wind *backed* round to the east in the evening, and they sailed again on their voyage towards Nova Scotia. It blew fresh during the night, and the sea rolled in heavily from the Atlantic. Next day, being off Penobscot Bay, the captain thought it prudent to run in for shelter, and Playfair, taking advantage of the

circumstance, landed, and proceeded in a boat up the river to Bangor.

Penobscot Bay is a magnificent arm of the sea, decked with headlands and innumerable islands, and enlivened by the vessels trading for timber and deals brought down the great river of the same name. Playfair, on arriving at Bangor, proceeded to the great hotel, where all was activity and talk about trade, timber, mill-privileges, and DISPUTED TERRITORY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAMMOTH HOTEL.

"Were I in a condition to stipulate with death, I should certainly decline against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this grand catastrophe, but I constantly draw the curtain across it, with this wish that the disposer of all events may so order it, that it happens not to me in my own house, but rather at some decent inn."—*See STERNE.*

"MIGHTY slick progressing, I guess! This here is the tarnation great Mammoth!" exclaimed Mr. Melchizedec Plank, a speculator from Massachusetts, as he flung his long legs over three chairs, with his head and shoulders resting against the side of the chimney, in which at the time there was, although in summer, a beechwood fire blazing.

It was in the great public room of, we believe, the hugest hotel in America, and in a town which, although only cut out of the dark forest within the last twenty years, now contains as many thousands of "genuyne go-ahead" Yankees.

The Penobscot flows majestically and navigably down before Bangor to the sea. The town, with its rectangular streets, its chapels, taverns, shops, stores, smithies, timber and ship yards, rose along the banks, quickly as the growth of that favourite American gourd, the pumpkin, and all by the enchantment of the "go-ahead" spirit.

The vast forests through which the Penobscot and its branches flow,—the fertile soil which produced those splendid woods, and the abundant water-power or mill-privileges of the interior, formed and still form the great attractions which have drawn from the (so considered) over-populous districts of New England those swarms of speculators who have given the wild and extensive frontier district of Maine a population sufficient to establish a

state sovereignty among the nations of the Union.

“What is mighty slick progressing, and tarnation great Mammoth?” Playfair asked of the same lank, bony, personage who lay, as we have said, across three chairs, in most independent position, with a newspaper in his hand, drinking *switchel*, and spitting on the hearth.

“Why squire, can’t you guess?” replied Melchizedec, “chopping this here capital mighty city out of the bush, with this here universal Mammoth Tavern, with two safety banks, a terrible lot of chapels, tarnation many grog-stores, thundering timber-booms, whacking dockyards, prime rum and molasses wharfs, clever colleges, spry state-houses, ’stonishing court-houses, terrification jails, smart governors, ’cute judges, slashing colonels, electrifying preachers, invincible melishiar, botheration lawyers, physication doctors, slick auctioneers, independent newspapers, *teetotal* temperances, chanty Dorcas’s, and popular anti-nigger meetings, is what I call mighty slick progressing.”

"Yes, I guess that bees progressing," whined a Mr. Lazarus Gimmel, a horned-nose-looking man, who said he had "comed slick down from the disputed territory: and I swear," he continued, "if Old England don't give up all that 'ere land, from Mar's Hill to the genooyne highlands, with all that ere eight millions acres of lands, and all that 'ere universal lot of timber and mill-privileges, we will go to war!"

"Who will go to war?" said Playfair.

"Why, Old Tip, General Harrison, when he is helected, as he soon will, president, I guess, quite slick!—that ere hero has beat the Englishers and Ingins already over and again over, and he his jist going quite slick to conquer Mexico, and take disputed territory wen we votes him president."

"'Old *Tip*,' as you call him," observed Playfair, "will do no such thing."

"Won't he, squire?" snorted Melchizedec. "If he don't, I guess, State of Maine folk will never at all vote him president."

"The federal government at Washington will view the question, no doubt, honestly," observed Playfair.

Squire Habakuk Endicott, a New Hampshire farmer, then remarked, "Yes; and you *Down Easters* must give in."

"Pork and molasses seize us 'tarnally if we don't go *the whole hog for Maine*, or we'll nullify," twanged half a dozen who had just entered for the *table d'hôte*.

"But," said Playfair, "why not take the decision of the Dutch king?"

"We'll tar and feather the Dutch king," said an old privateersman, now the master of a schooner.

"We'll strip him stark naked, duck him in molasses, and tie him in the sun, over a marsh, for the mosquitoes to frolic on his sour-crout carcass," said a genuine swamp-hunter.

"Both his eyes we'll gouge out," swore a lumberer.

"All that will not signify, England will not give up the territory you claim," said Playfair.

"I guess she will, squire," said all, except the New Hampshire farmer, "for if she don't we'll terrify England."

"How?"

"By going to war, squire."

"But," said Habakuk Endicott, "the federal government will not declare war."

"But *State of Maine will*, and conquer Old England into terrification," whanged the whole speculative band, as the signal for the *table d'hôte* was given, where, indeed, the term "slick as lightning," seemed verified.

The apartment in which the *table d'hôte* was laid out was a vast parallelogram, with plastered walls and ceiling, a deal floor, a great fireplace at one end, and a large cast-iron stove at the other. On one side hung a wooden clock, opposite an oldfashioned mahogany looking-glass. In each corner was a buffet or cupboard, crammed with glasses, plates, and teacups. Plain wooden chairs, two pine side-tables, and the long one, at which about fifty persons instantaneously mustered, completed the furniture.

The landlady, about forty in years, and deco-

rated with a crimson bombasin dress and wearing yellow morocco slippers, gold earrings, and with her hair gathered into a long plat hanging down behind, sat at the head of the table. Before her stood an immense tureen of smoking-hot soup. On one side were two grown-up bashful-looking pretty girls, in short-waisted printed calico frocks; their hair also hanging down in plats. On the other sat three evidently married women boarders, whose husbands were far off in the wilderness directing some lumbering gangs.* The remainder, consisted of a judge in a drab surtout, blue and yellow striped waistcoat, checked shirt, and crimson cravat; a colonel in the militia, with a round blue sailor-like jacket, red waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and green neckerchief, — the aforesaid New Hampshire farmer, clad in amply-fashioned good gray warm homespun, — about twelve lumberers all dressed in the finery of a slop-dealer's shop, the waists of their skyblue coats a foot long, the two gilt buttons behind stuck nearly between their shoulders, and the narrow skirts

* Parties of men who go to the forest to cut timber, are so called.

reaching down to their thin calves;—four masters of schooners, in olive Flushing pea-jackets and nankeen or calico waistcoats;—four or five shopkeepers or brokers, regular boarders in garbs far more fantastic than fashionable;—two methodist preachers, in rusty black coats, and white whining neckerchiefs;—the editor and printer of the democrat newspaper, and his rival the editor of the *Federalist*, with three *snake-eyed* looking lawyers, and lastly the notable Mr. Jonathan Lust, who had formerly been successfully rousing the province of New Brunswick from its state of seeming irreligious torpor, but who now for the first time appeared at Bangor with the prospectus of the first number of a newspaper with a cat-o'-nine-tails for its emblem, and for its title "The Tickler."

With the exception of the ladies to whom alone place was given, all sat down pell-mell, regardless of each other. One of the preachers pronounced grace, which, we are bound to say, though too long for ordinary Yankee patience, was decorously attended to: for knives and jaws moved not until the solemn benediction

was pronounced. Then began the work of havoc. The soup went round from half a dozen tureens,—each person helping himself; then to the demolition of boiled cod, fried mackerel, and salted salmon, of three turkeys, as many geese, roast beef, boiled salt pork, and boiled mutton; of potatoes, turnips, pumpkin-pies, and cranberry-tarts. Decanters were filled with rum, mugs with molasses, and jugs with water or spruce beer. One hacked a turkey, another sliced beef, a third tore a goose to atoms, some loaded their plates with fish, goose, pork, molasses, beef, turkey, and pumpkin-pie; these were “*genooyne go-aheaders*.” Others were sufficiently decorous, in devouring only of one dish at a time; all ate as if the fate of the United States and Harrison’s election depended on the haste in which the various dishes were demolished. Not a word was spoken; no noise, but the clattering of jaws, knives and forks, and the speedy march of dishes from one hand to another. The rum and the beer were included in the charge for dinner; but little of either was drunk. There was no time for such

unsolid labour. In less than fifteen minutes every dish on the table was hacked, sliced, smashed, or gobbled; leaving scattered yet plentiful vestiges of the wreck to which a short quarter of an hour had reduced the numerous covers under which the table had previously creaked. In an instant up jumped the shopkeepers, skippers, and lumberers, and off they hustled to the bar, where they gulped some rum and molasses, gin-and-water, or brandy and beer; then off as speedily to their several incessant dollar-hunting "go-ahead" speculations.

"It is this *progressing, go-ahead spirit*," said Mr. Habakuk Endicott, "which chopped this here clever city so slick out of the bush, that those that come *fust* here, without a cent, from Boston hospital, made two thousand dollars afore those other hospital folks who came out next day could follow 'em."

The landlady, the girls, and the women, removed now to another apartment, a sort of drawing-room, the preachers followed them; Mr. Jonathan Lust joined, intent upon his newspaper, which, from the completion of its first number, he evidently intended to be a *chronique*

scandaleuse, lampooning political characters, ridiculing religious sects, and exposing personalities. The man, the emblem, and the title were well suited.

Mr. Habakuk Endicott, although not free from the common phraseology of language which local circumstances and other peculiarities have created, especially in the Massachusetts and eastern states, was an excellent representative of by far the best and most respectable class of the population of the Anglo-American republic: that is, the old farmers of the non-slaveholding states. He was shrewd in his observations, sagacious in his views, and practical in his ideas. His code of political and rural economy was no doubt drawn from "Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanack," and from the many other useful and sage sayings of that illustrious philosopher. Being desirous to acquire some practical observations from so respectable a man as Mr. Endicott (who is, we believe, although he knows not the lineage, a descendant of the eminent early emigrant of that name), Playfair prevailed with him to have a glass of wine first, and then, after arranging,

without any difficulty, for a good carpeted sitting-room, with a good arm-chair, and with a clean little bedroom attached, he walked out with Mr. Endicott to view the city of Bangor, with its activity, trade, and navigation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CAUCAS MEETING.

“Souvent l'Européen ne voit dans le fonctionnaire publique que la force ; l'Américain y voit le droit. On peut donc dire qu'en Amérique l'homme n'obéit jamais à l'homme mais à la justice ou à la loi.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THEY proceeded to the river's side, where wharfs or wooden piers extended along the whole front of the town outwards into deep water, except where spaces here and there were occupied by timber-booms or ship-building yards.

There were no idlers in the street, nor any where else to be seen, excepting a few wretched Penobscot Indians, for whom the earth's surface seemed now to have neither room, shelter, nor occupation. All else was never-ceasing activity in

the strife of acquiring money or other property. Houses were building here,—boats and ships there. Rafts of timber or deals were floating down the river; steamers were departing and arriving;—vessels were taking on board from the timber-booms or wharfs their assorted cargoes of spars, timber-logs, deals, and boards, for the markets of Boston, New York, or Charleston;—vessels returning from those ports were discharging numerous commodities, as flour, and other provisions;—rum, molasses, tobacco, and various tropical productions, and merchandise manufactured either in Old or New England.

River craft were taking on board the articles required in the new districts, for those employed at the saw-mills, or at the lumbering camps. Trucks were wheeling merchandise up to the stores or shops, others were rolling or carrying off bales, casks, or boxes; such was the lively scene which presented itself in this thriving town. How few in England or France ever heard of its existence!

After the close of the day there were no theatres, no tea-gardens, no balls, nor other amusements as at New York. “No! but

there was," said Mr. Endicott, " a Caucas meeting."

" Squire Endicott," asked Playfair, " what is the meaning of the ' Caucas meeting,' which you tell me is to assemble to-night at the Mammoth Hotel?"

" A *Caucas meeting*, squire, is a perleminary," he replied. " 'Tis a meeting to *learn* and to *consider*, before meeting for *concluding*."

" A very proper preliminary meeting, no doubt; pray tell me how it originated, and why call it a *Caucas meeting*?" asked Playfair.

" Why, squire," he answered, " the name is, I guess, somewhat like Yankee-doodle. You old Englanders made the Yankee-doodle-doo-song, sung it, and played it to turn New Englanders into fun: but when the Bunker's Hill battle was gained by the continentals, they played Yankee-doodle-doodle-doo, turning the Old Englanders into shame."

" Now," continued Mr. Endicott, " it so happened to have falled out at Boston just before the overboard tea chucking,* that a terrible row took

* Alluding to the cargoes of tea imported direct to Boston by the East India Company, and which were thrown over-

place between the English soldiers and the caulkers and ropers, and that a considerable lot on 'em was wounded, and some killed. Arterwards when the citizens of Boston held meetings to consider what was best to be done, the English governor and people in official places, used to call them, to make fun and disrespect, '*caulker's meetings*,' which for shortness were arterwards made into '*caucas meetings*.'"

On returning to Mammoth Hotel, the large dining-saloon exhibited, in a short time, a very different aspect from the gormandizing activity of the dinner scene. Gravity dwelt among the assembled multitude of all classes, and as gravely did they proceed at once to the business on which they met.

"I moves," said Colonel Maple of the state militia, keeper and owner of Timber Tavern, owner, and occasionally skipper of the Bathsheba clipper, proprietor of Maple's Wharf, and merchant, broker, banker, and shipwright, Bangor. "I moves that General Frederick Dockendorff sits in the chair."

board by the citizens dressed as Mohawks, to prevent revenue being raised by the import duty on its consumption.

" I seconds that 'ere motion," said Squire Timothy Hustis, managing director of Bangor Bank.

No other person being proposed or seconded, General Dockendorff, whose name indicated old German ancestry, but whom the frequent inter-marriages of his family had removed into some twentieth relationship, at least, with "*altes Deutches blut*," and who was proprietor, and his wife the keeper of Mammoth Hotel, owner of four river-scows, and of the brig Pretty Polly, and also of the schooner named "*Split the Wind*," and further of sundry farms, mill-privileges, timber-booms, stores and wharfs, and moreover general commanding-in-chief all the State of Maine militia; he accordingly sat in the chair, and spoke the first speech as follows:

" Citizens, we be assembled according to our nown free act and will, not summoned to meet by monarchy officials. In this *state* of freedom, we've met to make manifestation of our *hopinions* for consideration as to the fall elections; first, as to particulars for State of Maine elections for

governor, senators, and representatives. Second, for general election for president.

“ Citizens, for governor and members of both houses there must in my consideration be *one whole-hog* opinion for candidates—that, I calculates, is to *go whole hog* for whole of disputed territory, and in taking the census to add up all Madawaska settlement to State of Maine population; then I *consider* if the hero of Tippecanoe, that be’es General Harrison, goes whole hog for disputed territory, then State of Maine will *conclude* on him for president.”

General Dockendoff sat down, and Colonel Maple stood up and spoke :

“ Brother citizens, how mighty clever a speech has the ginral speechified. It is all true as the speeches of Paul before Agrippa and Festus. Now here comes our *helection* for this here state. For governor I calculates we cannot do better than consider of the ginral,—he is democrat, anti-United States Bank, anti-nullifier, temperance member, and whole-hog-goer for disputed territory.”

“ I seconds that ’ere consideration,” said Squire

Timothy Hustis, without getting on his legs,—
“and I calculates that when the consideration comes to the ballot, the conclusion will be ‘*hurra* for Governor Dockendorff.’”

Major Mordecai Mint-Julep, of Bangor militia, director of paper-dollar bank, and keeper of two dram-stores, hereupon arose and addressed the assembled “Caucasers.”

“Brother Caucasers, I tally square with the considerations of Colonel Maple and Squire Hustis about the ginral being the smartest man for governor. Here now comes the second greatest consideration;—who calculates you upon twenty senators?—consider that, I beseech you all, mighty clever. Suppose House of Representatives, like House of Commons in old England, pass good progressing laws. Then guess that senate’s house, nullify them ’ere laws, as Lords’ House, or as that ’ere Mr. Chisterfield the letter-book writer called ’em, *incurables’ house*, does in old England,—guess that, fully, brother Caucasers,—I guess ’twere more for particular State of Maine interest, to nullify senate altogether,—not quite, brother Caucasers,—no need

yet for that ; let us *helect* 'em *healthy*, and we need not I guess *hannilate* them for being *incurable*. I calculates that in this here state, we have nations of smart men, fit for senators. I guess too we have lots of not *trustible* ones. I have first of all, 'tarnal small trust in lawyers, —they promise all the world, as in old England, afore they gits *helected*, and do tarnation little arter 'cept for theirselves. Second, I plaguy little trust in '*ristocrats*, who when they makes more 'an a hundred thousand dollars, *thin*, fancying it mighty universal purlite, leave the presbyterian and unitarian chapels for 'piscopal church ; —thirdly in all federalists, some good men 'mong them too ; and lastly in all nullifyers of United States Union. Now I considers it considerably right not to *helect* to senate none of such folks ; and not to *helect* for president, or governor, or senate, or House of Representatives, any one but what will go whole hog for whole of *disputed territory*."

Major Mordecai Mint-Julep, sat down and Squire Sampson Strong rose up. He was ex-president of the former House of Assembly, and

following the respectable pursuit of agriculture, as the most extensive and skilful farmer in the state, he regarded his country's good the first of all considerations.

“ Brother citizens,” said he, “ the observations made by the major, anent the senate, apply still stronger in regard to electing the 187 members who are, or who at least ought to represent you in the House of Representatives. I consider if the last do not in their wisdom pass good, but bad progressing laws; and if the senate should pass the latter, ’twould, I calculate, be more calamitous than to nullify good laws. Consider, therefore, gravely before you conclude. There is good time lost in much speaking, but not in considering well, and concluding better.”

Squire Sampson Strong then sat down;—and lists of names, double the number to be elected to represent the state during the next session of the senate and House of Representatives, were then distributed by the several persons who filled up those lists, for the people to consider in due time the respective merits of candidates, and of those who were intended to be proposed.

The conduct of the president was then approved ; and to go the whole hog and to war, if not to be had without war, for the whole of the disputed territory was agreed to as the *sine quâ non* principle of voting.

Early next morning, Playfair was awakened and informed that the wind was changing round to the westward ; and he accordingly sailed down the river in a boat, and embarked on board the clipper, which immediately after, got under way for Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CROSSING THE BAY OF FUNDY.

THE wind veered round sufficiently to enable the clipper to stretch out into the Bay of Fundy, between the myriads of rocky islands, which rise abruptly in and at the mouth of Penobscott Bay. They sailed along, clearing on the left Mount Desert, once famous for a monastic mission, destroyed by the puritans.

They had a rough sea in the Bay of Fundy : the tides of which are so dangerous, and the current of which was at this time at furious war with the gale. Yet the clipper, close haul, with all her fore and aft sails, and a foretopsail set, dashed through the surges at the rate of six

knots an hour. Grand Manan, famous for smugglers and its dangerous ledges, rose about noon, in the direction of the vessel's lee-bow : and the skipper seemed to think, unless the wind shifted, that instead of making the harbour of Yarmouth in Nova Scotia, he should be forced to run for shelter into Machias.

The skipper was a sharp, active sailor, and told Playfair that he was on board the steam-boat which was burnt in 1836, on her passage with the *wild beasts*, from St. John, New Brunswick, to East Port in Maine. Of this fatal disaster he gave the following account :

“ We left St. John in the steam-boat, all right and no mistake, I guess, with sixty passengers. One *helephant*, one *kemale*,* and a lot of lions, tigers, panthers, laughing *heehenas*,† bears, wolves, rattle-snakes, monkeys, and six horses. All right, I guess, till within a few miles of Eastport, at eight o'clock at night ; when, terrible to find out, the steamer was on fire in the hold all about the *engines*. Then there was no mistake, as no *axtinguishing* the fire was pos-

* *Query*, Camel.—P. D. † *Query*, Hyenas.—P. D.

sible. Oh! squire, the very *memory* of that terrible confusion, is frightsome and dreadful. We had only two small boats which we lowered down into the sea, the first thing; but they were not *roomy* enough for twenty passengers. The captain then sung out, 'Make a raft of the beasts' cages and spars, and chop loose the wild beasts with the carpenter's axes.' So all hands turned to, the lions roared, the wolves howled, we let some of them loose, the great *helephant* was not in a cage for he was tied on deck, and he got loose, so did the *kemale*—the flames broke through the deck, the cages caught fire, many wild beasts, and the rattle-snakes got free. Some beasts which got loose, flew at the others and at the passengers, wounding and biting; the *helephant* got mad and furious, trampling all under its great pillars of feet. We were all, I guess, in despair and confounded. We contrived to make a small raft, some of us clung to it; many jumped overboard, first from fearing of the wild beasts. The *helephant* walked overboard on seeing us on the raft, and he would soon have sinked us; but when he got into the sea, he turned

back with his trunk up, looking for his keeper, who was crying out, on the vessel. The keeper then jumped overboard and was drowned, for he could not get to the *helephant*, which was waiting with his trunk up, to put the keeper on his back. *helephants* are not, I guess, made for swimming, no more nor *kemales*, so both were soon drowned. The horses swam away, so did some of the bears, and other wild beasts that got liberty. The beasts that did not get free, roared and howled most dreadful, as they were being burned. Oh ! squire, it was terrific that burning, and that drowning of *Christian humans*, and *savage beasts* ! I sometimes see it all in dreams, and think myself hanging to the bit of raft, tossed to and fro, and up and down in the sea—and then seeing the boat pick us up the next day, near the breakers off Grand Manan, that high rocky island, that is jist now ahead on us.”

The disaster thus quaintly related, must have been one of the most fearful that has ever occurred, and more than two-thirds of the passengers and crew perished. It is but too well

recorded, that fatal accidents happen fourfold, at least, more frequently to American steam-boats than to those of Europe, and those accidents are usually caused by great negligence, and by fires caused by the tobacco-smokers, and also from the avarice of the owners, who use the worst, and most cheaply constructed of high-pressure engines. These accidents to American steam-boats are usually attended with loss of life; frequently more than half the crew and passengers are killed or maimed.

As the clipper approached the southern ledges of Grand Manan, the wind shifted to the north-east, and the skipper putting his vessel on the other tack, stretched across towards St. Mary's Bay; and, before the sun set, landed Playfair at the long Acadian village of Clare, in Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ACADIANS.

PLAYFAIR was directed by the master of the Clipper to a tavern, in the settlement: but as he landed, he was met by several of those hospitable and stationary inhabitants, the Acadians.

Invitations were poured in upon him. Each was eager to invite him as a guest and he accepted the hospitality of a venerable old man, whose countenance was the perfect representation of benevolence and of every simple virtue of rural life.

Playfair found that the Acadians of Clare,

differed but little from their ancestors, who were living in the upper portion of Nova Scotia or Acadia, at Chignecto and Minas, in 1754; and who were most cruelly treated, merely on the ground that when they offered to swear allegiance to the King of England, they would only do so by reserving the right of not fighting against their countrymen and relations in Canada, or against the Indians, with whom they had always lived on friendly terms, and who would visit them with terrible retaliation, should they now raise their arms against the aborigines.

From being hunters at first, while the forest and waters yielded abundant game, they settled down in the most fertile part of the country, and by raising dykes repelled the high tides of the Basin of Minas, which overflowed the vast natural meadows which abound in that part.

Those rich lands yielded abundant crops of wheat, oats, maize, barley, rye, and potatoes. On the meadows they had sixty thousand head of horned cattle, the land was tilled by oxen, yet

each family had two or three horses besides sheep.

The settlement of Clare extends along the coast of St. Mary's Bay, for about twenty miles towards Yarmouth. It has a population of about five thousand. The inhabitants, who are the descendants of those ill-treated neutrals who were banished from the province, but who at last were permitted to return to a land dear to their hearts from early associations. While in exile they often visited Nova Scotia in small coasting-vessels, which they built in New England, until they were allowed to remove to this part of Nova Scotia. Here, in this beautiful place, they have settled and prospered. The lands are naturally fertile, and the sea throws up after storms, abundant sea-weed for manure.

Fish swarm in the Bays of Fundy and St. Mary; and although the Acadians chiefly follow agriculture and grazing, they are occasionally fishermen. They carry in their small vessel the overplus produce of the soil and fishing, across the Bay of Fundy, to exchange for other articles at St. John's. They are a stationary, unambitious,

happy people, the extreme opposites in character to the go-ahead Yankees. They retain the customs, language, and religion, of their ancestors, and seem to have nothing to wish for; while they probably enjoy as much happiness as human nature admits.

They have their own curates; and never did a people owe more than they have to a pastor who has lived more than thirty years among them, as father, priest, and adviser.*

* "Here, at Clare lives, and here has resided for about thirty years, a man, whom the demon of revolution drove from France. In that country he was born, and there did he receive that education, and acquire those manners, which, by being superinduced on a pure heart and sound head, constitute the amiable and venerable Abbé Segoigne. This excellent curate is the priest, the comforter, the lawyer, and judge of all the Acadians of Clare and Tusket. As their lawyer, or rather notary, he keeps their records, writes their deeds, notes, and contracts; while his opinion as their judge, and his advice as their priest and father, convince his flock of the evils of litigation, from which they are taught to fly as from pestilence. Woe be to the lawyers of Nova Scotia, if each settlement in the province had an Abbé Segoigne for its pastor, and inhabitants that respected his advice.

Since M. Segoigne retired to this peaceable and secluded settlement, he has only been once at Halifax, and only two or three times at the adjoining town of Digby. The urbanity of manner, and the polish which distinguished the gentleman of

Their houses, built chiefly of wood, were convenient, and furnished as neatly as a substantial farmhouse in England. They bred poultry of all kinds, for variety in their food, which was generally wholesome and abundant. Their drink

the old French school, are truly those of the Abbé, yet for him the world has no allurements to fascinate his thoughts from the calm, pious, cheerful, and useful life, which has diffused so much happiness among the Acadians.

All the changes, politics, and vexations of the world, are unknown to him; and he has probably no further connexion out of Clare and Tusket with his own church, than an occasional letter from the Catholic Bishop of Quebec or Halifax. He speaks the Indian language fluently; and the Micmacs regard him with the utmost veneration. The greatest part of his flock have been born, or have grown up, under him, while he has been among them; and a few are accompanying him in the decline of his well-spent life. To him, with reverence and love, all look up for comfort in their afflictions, for advice in their mutual difficulties, and for the settlement of their little disputes.

One of those tremendous fires which make such ravages in America, nearly destroyed the district of Clare, in 1823. The chapel, and most of the houses and corn-fields were consumed; and M. Segoigne had one of his hands severely burnt, while pushing through the fire to save the boxes which contained the land-titles, and other records of the inhabitants. This calamity was inevitably the cause of much distress and poverty, which the Acadians have since completely overcome.

—MACREGOR'S *British America*.

was generally beer and cider, to which they occasionally added rum.

Their clothing was usually made of the flax and hemp they raised, or of the fleeces of their sheep ; which they spun and wove into common linens and coarse cloths ; articles of luxury, which they purchased at Annapolis or Louisburg, in exchange for grain, cattle, and poultry.

Each family was able, and accustomed to provide for all its own wants. They knew nothing of the paper currency, which was so common and ruinous in other parts of America.

In their manners they were consequently simple. No cause, civil or criminal, occurred of sufficient importance to be tried before the tribunal at Annapolis. Whatever differences arose among them, were amicably decided by their own elders. Their public acts were drawn up by their curates, who also kept their records and wills. For these civil and religious services, were cheerfully given the twenieth part of the grain crops.

Their harvests were not only sufficiently

abundant to support the inhabitants, but yielded enough for acts of liberality and charity. To the Acadians real misery was unknown, and voluntary benevolence met all the demands for charitable contribution. Misfortunes were relieved without ostentation. The Acadians were, in truth, a society of brethren, each of whom was equally willing to give, and to receive, what he considered the natural right of a christian people.

“The perfect harmony,” says the Abbé Raynal, “which prevailed among the neutral French naturally prevented all those connexions of gallantry which are so often fatal to the peace of families. There never was an instance in this society of an unlawful commerce between the two sexes. This evil was prevented by early marriages ; for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man came to the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, sowed them, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. Here he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her

portion of flocks. This family grew up and prospered like the others. They altogether amounted to eighteen thousand souls.

“Who will not be affected with the innocent manners and the tranquillity of this fortunate colony? Who will not wish for the duration of its happiness? Who will not construct in imagination an impenetrable wall that may separate these colonists from their unjust and turbulent neighbours? The calamities of the people have no period; but, on the contrary, the end of their felicity is always at hand. A long series of favourable events is necessary to raise them from misery, while one instant is sufficient to plunge them into it. May the Acadians be exempted from this general curse! But, alas! it is to be feared they will not.”

The fears of the Abbé were realized. The puritanical spirit of the New England colonist would allow no tolerance to catholics. The Acadians were summoned during peace to appear before a British colonel at Grand Pré, where about four hundred who assembled were, without previous intimation, shut up as prisoners

in a church, and all their cattle and lands declared to be forfeited. Their villages and plantations and houses were then all burnt, and the inhabitants, left houseless and plundered of all their property, were obliged to fly to the woods or surrender at discretion. Of twenty thousand, seven to eight thousand submitted, and were transported to and dispersed in the southern colonies. Some found their way to France; and those whom poverty, fevers, and other diseases did not carry off in the south, returned after a painful and long exile to Nova Scotia.

Such were the ancestors of those among whom Playfair found himself, partaking of the hospitality of a people whom he visited from a report of the extraordinary contrast which they exhibited to the Americans of the United States.

Besides these Acadians who have retained the amiable qualities and virtues of their ancestors, there are other settlements of them in Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick, always in villages inhabited only by them.

They still continue averse to settle among other races, and love to cluster as nearly as they

can to, and not, if possible, farther from than within the hearing of, the bell of their church. Professing the catholic religion, they rigidly adhere to its forms, and especially on Sundays, there is a decorous simplicity of dress and manner in the appearance of young and old exceedingly interesting in this age of incessant change.

The habits and costumes of their French ancestors they retain with religious tenacity. The women wear neat calico caps, and sometimes a coif or kerchief over the head: while some wear high stiff caps of white muslin, worsted, or calico jerkins; short thickly-plated petticoats of cotton or wool, broadly striped blue, red, and white; blue stockings; often wooden sabots, and on Sundays shoes; and a short blue cloth cloak over the shoulders and fastened at the breast with a large bright metal brooch.

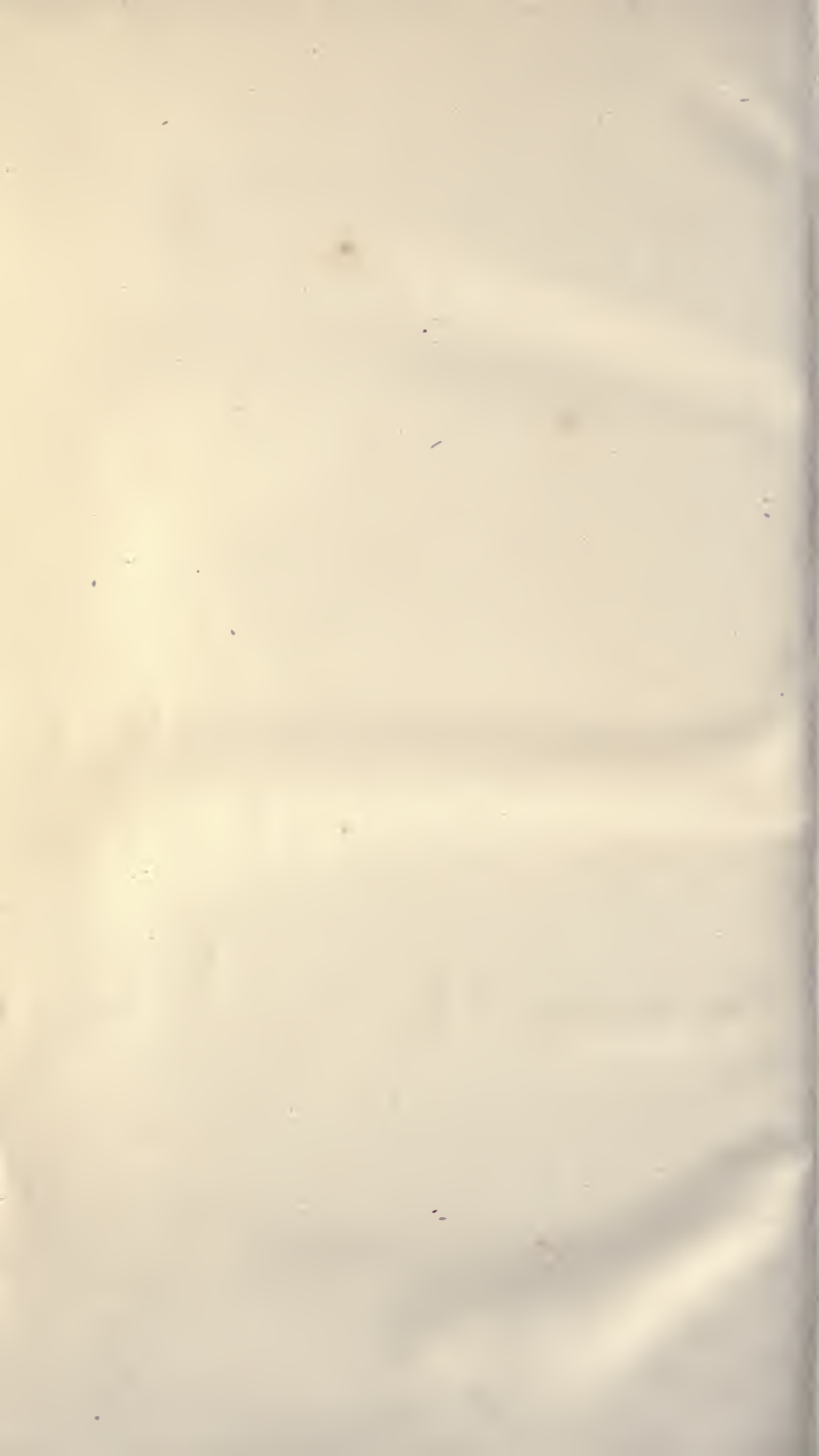
The men wear jackets thickly studded with brass buttons; scarlet or blue waistcoats; blue or gray trousers; boots, shoes, or *mocassins*; round hats, or the bonnets *rouge* or *gris*. They marry very young, and several couples, sometimes, during winter, as many as twenty on the same

day, by the same priest in the same village-church and at the same house.

They are affectionate parents, and a husband will scarcely ever conclude any affair without first consulting his wife. They are remarkably chaste, and among them one child in a thousand is not born out of wedlock. They assemble together in groups for the mere pleasure of talking. Dancing, fiddling, and feasting at Christmas and before Lent, playing at drafts, and shooting are their chief amusements.

Playfair, grateful for their kindness, bade this interesting people *adieu*, hired horses and proceeded by way of Annapolis to *Halifax*.

END OF VOL. II.



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